

the ARENA

"We do not take possession of our ideas, but are possessed by them.
They master us and force us into THE ARENA,
where, like gladiators, we must fight for them."
—Helen

A MONTHLY REVIEW OF SOCIAL ADVANCE

Edited by PAUL TYNER.

Vol. XXI.

FEBRUARY, 1899.

No.

FAY MILLS IN THE FORUM Frontispiece

THE RIGHT TO WORK.

By JOHN R. COMMONS, A. M.

Professor of Sociology in Syracuse University.

SPAIN'S DECLINE AND FALL J. M. Scanland
"CURRENCY REFORM" Hon. Geo. Fred Williams
HAS LIFE A MEANING? Horatio W. Dresser

WOMAN'S LIFE IN UTAH.

By RUTH EVERETT

JANIZARIES OF PLUTOCRACY Frank E. Anderson
WORKERS AT WORK:
II. FAY MILLS IN THE FORUM Dora M. Morrell

THE AMERICANISM OF THOMAS PAINE.

By MONCURE D. CONWAY

THE STRUGGLE OF ABSOLUTISM S. Ivan Tabor
FRANZ JOSEF'S DREAM . . . Charles Johnston, Bengal Civil Service, retired
METEMPSYCHOSIS (Poem) Nancy Eaton Woodhouse
OUR DAY Myron W. Reed
UNDER THE ROSE The Editor
"IMPERIALISM"—THE ISSUE IN 1900—"HONEST MONEY"—GOV. FIDELITY
GREEK'S MESSAGE—MEXICAN PROSPERITY—THE SPIRIT OF THOMAS PAINE
—A MODERN PRODIGAL—MYRON REED'S DEATH—A MODERN INSTANCE—
THE STRUGGLE ACROSS THE WATER—ROOSEVELT IN THE CAMPAIGN OF '98
—IS THE FARMER WAKING UP?

BOOK REVIEWS By H. W. D., H. C., and A. R. B.

BOSTON:

THE ARENA COMPANY,

Copley Square.

PARIS: Librairie Gallant, 224 Rue de Rivoli.

LONDON: Francis Griffiths, 4 Pilgrim Street, Ludgate Hill.

Copyrighted, 1899, by The Arena Company.

Published Monthly.

Per Annum, \$3.00.

THE SUN
AND
SAPOLIO
MAKE EVERYTHING SHINE.
USE SAPOLIO!

To Polish Knives,
To Renew Oil Cloth,
To Brighten Metals,

To Scour Kettles,
To Scrub Floors,
To Renovate Paint,

To Scour Bath Tubs,
To Whiten Marble,
To Clean Dishes.

SAVE ½ YOUR FUEL

By using our (stove pipe)

RADIATOR with its 120 Cross Tubes,

ONE stove or furnace does the work of TWO.

Drop postal for proofs from prominent men.

To Introduce Our Radiator,

where we have no active agent we will sell at
wholesale price. Write at once.



the part
that



does the
business.

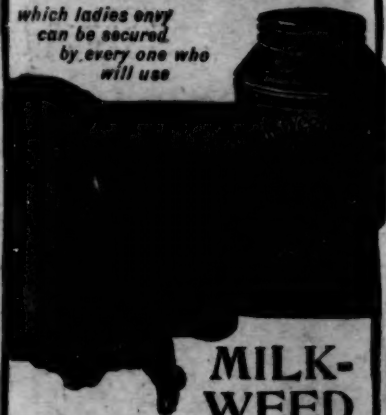
If you don't understand it we would be
tinkled to death to explain it to you.

Rochester Radiator Co.,

No. 20 Furnace Street, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

**That GREAMY
COMPLEXION**

which ladies envy
can be secured
by every one who
will use



**MILK-
WEED
CREAM**

No necessity for
a bad or rough
complexion.

Milk Weed Cream is the natural Skin
Food. It removes Blackheads, Freckles, Tan,
Pimples, Wrinkles. Is fragrant and soothing.
Send 50c. for a full size jar (if your druggist
hasn't it) and get ten times its cost in pleasure
and satisfaction. Send stamp for free sample.
FREDERICK F. INGRAM & CO.,
64 Tenth Street, DETROIT, MICH.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTEN LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION

500 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

1900

1901

1902

1903

1904

1905

1906

1907



B. FAY MILLS, IN THE FORUM.

Workers at Work Series, No. II. (See page 201.)

THE ARENA

VOL. XXI.

FEBRUARY, 1899.

No. 2.

THE RIGHT TO WORK.

NOTWITHSTANDING academic disproof of Natural Rights, the doctrine retains its hold on popular movements and legislation. The controversy is mainly a matter of words. Political economy originated a century since, as a science of the production of wealth. The past generation has witnessed its transition to a science of the distribution and consumption of wealth. We need now to see that it is, at bottom, a science of beliefs concerning wealth. In the popular mind, these beliefs are known as Natural Rights. But nature here is not the physicist's nature. It is not the physical universe, but the *idea* of the universe. It exists in the mind. And, indeed, we know no other universe. Herbert Spencer has given us a doctrine of Natural Rights based on the physical universe and its evolution. But the doctrine is only Spencer's belief about the universe. He says:

"If we adopt pessimism as a creed, and, with it, accept the implication that life in general being evil, we should put an end to it, then there is no ethical warrant for those actions by which life is maintained; the whole question drops. But, if we adopt either the optimist view, or the meliorist view—if we say that life, on the whole, brings more pleasure than pain; or that it is on the way to become such that it will yield more pleasure than pain—then those actions by which life is maintained are justified, and there results a

warrant for the freedom to perform them. Those who hold that life is valuable, hold, by implication, that men ought not to be prevented from carrying on life-sustaining activities. In other words, if it is said to be right that they should carry them on, then, by permutation, we get the assertion that they 'have a right' to carry them on. Clearly, the conception of 'natural rights' originates in recognition of the truth that, if life is justifiable, there must be a justification for the performance of acts essential to its preservation; and therefore a justification for those liberties and claims which make such acts possible." *

True, indeed, there is no belief in human rights for one who takes the pessimist's view of nature. But, had Spencer been reared a Hindu or a Buddhist, he would have considered that life itself was not worth living, and that the higher the life the greater the pain. His view of nature would have been pessimistic, instead of optimistic. Slavery and caste, or suicide and Nirvana, would have been his ideal, instead of perfection of life. Spencer has simply taken for granted the Christian view of nature and man. Nature is what we see with the mind's eye; we see what we look for; we look for that which harmonizes with our moral character; our moral character is our religion—it is that which, in our deepest selves, we really want. It is not logic nor science, but passion and desire; it is not changed by argument or demonstration, but by example and conversion. It is life and action inspired by a social environment of beliefs and institutions. Not cold science shapes our beliefs, but warm faith. We may call it Nature and Reason, or we may call it God—it is, in either case, that which we, above all things, love, and which we feel must surely rule and explain this otherwise aimless world about us. This is religion. "Art and religion have this in common," says Brinton,† "that they make a study of perfection, and aim to embody it in actuality; whereas science, or positive knowledge, confines itself to reality, which is ever imperfect. Perfection is, however, an

* Spencer, "Man vs. the State."

† "Religions of Primitive Peoples," p. 234-235.

unconditioned mode of existence, not measurable by our senses, and hence outside the domain of inductive research. The tendency of organic forms and cosmic motions is always toward it, but they always fall short of it. We are aware of it only through the longings of our subconscious minds—not through the laws of our reasoning intelligence. Yet, so intense is our conviction, not only that it is true, but that final truth lies in it alone, that it has ever been, and will ever be, the highest and strongest motive of human action."

Art aims at material perfection; religion at moral and social perfection. That which we believe is right is that which we believe squares with moral and social perfection. Call it Natural Right or Divine Right, it is the basis of political economy.

The particular form and content of this belief in a perfect society is the historical product of the religion which has been handed down to us, and of the industrial conditions which bind us. Buddhism considers each man but a drop, momentarily tossed up from the ocean, to sink back again and be lost. Such a drop has no rights, wants no justice, commits no sins. It seeks only to escape from pain, and craves pity, not justice. Brahmanism holds the Sudra to have been born from the feet of God, ever to be the servant of the twice-born Brahman who springs from the mouth of God.

Christianity sees in men the sons of God, brothers to one another. They are persons, like their father, having eternal rights in a perfect kingdom of God. For them not only is there pain, but also sin; not only pleasure, but also righteousness; not only pity, but also justice; not only resignation, but also rights. Hence comes the first question about rights. *Ought* men to have the rights of life, liberty, employment? This is the question of religion, of opinion, of our belief about nature and man. This question is ultimate. It cannot be argued. It is desire, not logic. We can only say that the answer is not absolute. It grows with the growth of civilization. It rises with the higher opinions of man's worth. The

right to life is primary. The rights of liberty and property are the conditions on which personal character and responsibility are based. The right to work is the right of access to the land, the machinery, the capital, whose products support life and liberty.

The recognition of this new right is a reflection, not only of higher opinions about man, but also of new industrial conditions. And here we must stop to note the ambiguity in the word "right." It has first an "adjective" use, opposed to "wrong." This is that which is morally right, which squares with our belief in moral and social perfection, which answers to *ought*. Its second use is "substantive," and denotes a social relation based on coercion. There are two kinds of substantive rights, *popular* and *legal*. Holland defines a right * as "One man's capacity of influencing the acts of another, by means, not of his own strength, but of the opinion or the force of society." The former, he calls moral, the latter, legal right, but the terms popular and legal are preferable, reserving "moral right" for the adjective use. The difference between a popular right and a legal right is this: the one is enforced by indeterminate persons, the other by constituted authorities definitely selected for the purpose. Now popular and legal rights have no necessary connection with moral right. Both may be morally wrong. An ignorant, degraded, vicious society may sanction slavery, prostitution, and involuntary poverty. But such sanction is wrong when judged by a conscientious person who seeks to know and do what is right. This is the case with the right to work. It is a new right under new industrial conditions, which the popular conscience is beginning to believe morally right. But it must inevitably meet hostility. It is clearly and plainly an encroachment upon property rights, and those whose interests are mainly propertied, will, unless balanced by a devotion to man as well as property, array themselves in opposition. But this has been the problem of all new

* "Jurisprudence," p. 70.

rights of man, and has been found in the outcome to have sprung from illusion and defective insight. Already the property of the community is pledged to furnish subsistence to every man, woman, and child, but on condition that the recipient brand himself with the mark of pauper. The right to work removes this brand. Also the condition of dependence which follows from the failure to recognize this right, is unworthy the moral freedom of both proprietor and workman. It is the poet and not the economist who feels this.

See yonder poor, o'er labored wight,
So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil.
And see his lordly fellow worm
The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful though a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn!

The foregoing are a few conditions bearing on the moral question of the right to work. The second question about right is, *can* man have the right of life, liberty, employment? Here we pass from questions of belief to questions of expediency, or, more precisely, to questions of necessity and freedom. In order that the morally right may be incorporated into social and legal right, men must be free to choose and act as they wish. There is neither right nor wrong where necessity rules—only success or failure. The history of civilization is the evolution of opportunities for free choice, and, therefore, of moral right and personal responsibility, through the suppression of necessity. Metaphysicians dispute over the freedom of the will. Their contests are empty, because they overlook the fact that individual freedom depends on social conditions. Free will is illusory if it does not end in free action, and free action is impossible where society has not yet overcome the hard physical facts of necessity. What, then, are social necessity and social freedom?

There are three kinds of necessity. First, *climatic*, that

which is beyond and above the control of man. The seasons, the winds, the zones, the ocean currents, the isothermal areas, established conditions of necessity, which man has but meagerly overcome, and in contest with which his freedom is only an illusory and empty option between life and death.

Second, *material* necessity, that which man gradually overcomes through science, invention, and art. The material products which men consume, and use, and enjoy, are but the raw material of nature, worked over by human thought and labor. They are simply the products and services of others. Material freedom is the control over a wide range of these products. The savage is not free, because he has but few social products to choose from. The civilized man is free, because he can choose all the way from bibles, paintings, schools, homes; to whiskey, roulette, and prostitutes. In doing so, he simply commands and controls the services of others. This the economist calls wealth. It is material freedom. The savage is first a slave to nature, and is freed from nature by enslaving his fellow man. Slavery is, originally, neither right nor wrong—it is necessary.

Third, *competitive* necessity, that which marks the struggle for life, and is overcome by organization, monopoly, and government. When the British soldiers were imprisoned by the Indian rajah, in the Black Hole, with only a six-inch window for air, their beliefs in love, justice, mutual help, which stimulated their marches and battles, were utterly crushed in the death of the weaker and the survival of the stronger. When a thousand workmen compete for five hundred jobs, it is to the credit of human nature and the police, if they do not cut each other's throats. When capitalists bankrupt their rivals, it is only the recluse, the agitator, the prophet, who whispers or shouts, "Injustice." The man in the struggle sees only necessity. It is vain to speak of freedom, or of right and wrong, where the choice is limited to life and death, to success and failure. The first obligation in war is victory, and that is the reason why "war is hell." But when victory is won, when competition ends in monopoly, when organization

and subordination take the place of struggle, then the victor is free; then he can listen to the still, small voice of right. Thus it is that the trusts and monopolies, which have outgrown competition, are ripe for the claims of morality. And, with increasing influence in society and government on the part of wage-earners and salary-earners, whose proportions have grown with accessions from the defeated competitors, the moral right to work tends to become a popular and legal right.

Here the important distinction must be made from the French theories of the right to work, of the revolution of '48. The theory was impracticable, at that time, because the competitive era had not given way to the monopolistic. Louis Blanc and his associates plainly saw that the right to work (*droit du travail*) involved the organization of labor (*organisation du travail*). But the form of organization which he desired was artificial and military, and not the natural outcome of the struggle for existence. His laborers were organized in national workshops (*ateliers nationaux*). Eleven men constituted a squad, with a corporal at their head; five squads a brigade, with a brigadier; four brigades a lieutenancy, four lieutenancies a company, and as many companies under one chief as were necessary.* Such organization could not possibly succeed in competition with the highly specialized and compact forces of the large corporation which has demonstrated its fitness by the sheer fact of survival. It was hoped that the *ateliers nationaux*, once initiated by government, would gradually crowd out the private establishments. Their failure plainly proves the contention of this article, that ethical considerations are not adapted to competitive purposes. The latter are governed by necessity, the former are available only when competitive necessity yields to monopolistic freedom.

The right to work must also be clearly distinguished from the socialist's theory of labor's right to the entire product.†

* See Singer, "Das Recht auf Arbeit," Vienna, 1894, p. 44.

† Singer, as above.

The latter is based on a theory that labor alone creates all wealth, a theory which dates back to the time when political economy was a science of production of wealth, and which is now seen to be inadequate. The right to work springs not from a theory of production, but from a belief in the worth of man as man, and an insight into the material and social conditions which foster manhood. It is a right of the worker, not to the entire product, but to a definite standing supported by law within industry along with the capitalist proprietors. What this standing is, will appear below.

The right to work must again be distinguished from the right to free industry and the right to free employment. Liberty has been described as, not a grand simple right, but a bundle of rights. There are the rights to free opinion, speech, and press; free assembly, free exchange of property, free industry, free employment. Free industry is the right to leave the ranks of wage-earners, without let or hindrance from one's employer, or lord, and to enter the ranks of capitalists and employers, *if one is able*. Monopoly now has antiquated this right, since the small capitalist, to say nothing of the *quondam* laborer, cannot compete with the large and established industry. Instead of starting anew as a capitalist, the laborer can only hope to get promotion or to invest his savings within the industrial organization where he finds himself. Likewise, with the right to free employment, which is the right freely to leave one employer, and to hire out to another. This right, also, now is meaningless, where there is but one incorporated employer or federated employer, like the railroads. The successor and substitute for the rights to free industry and free employment, must, under new conditions, be the right to a definite and *right* standing, within the existing industrial enterprises.* This is the Right to Work. But the right to work, like the right to liberty, is not a single glorious right to be granted by plebiscite, but a bundle of rights to be earned, one by one. What each

* See Commons, "Distribution of Wealth," N. Y., 1893, p. 30.

particular one is, must be discovered by a close analysis of the kinds and causes of lack of employment. Following, is the briefest possible attempt at such analysis.

There are three kinds of lack of employment. First, *arbitrary discharge*, whether for adequate reasons, such as inefficiency, dishonesty, and insubordination, or for inadequate reasons, such as religion, politics, oppression. Here, the right to work is sustained by legal, or so-called compulsory, arbitration. Employers object to legal arbitration because, under it, they "cannot manage their own business"; and, therefore, the government must become responsible for profits and losses. The objection overlooks the fact that the right to work, like the right to life, liberty, and property, can be forfeited, and the courts are constituted for the very purpose of determining when such forfeiture has occurred, judged by standards of moral right.

This fact of forfeiture is also a complete answer to those who fear that the agitation aroused for the right to work will prove dangerous, and that the shiftless and demagogical will claim that the State must furnish them work, whether they do it well or not. Arguments for the right to work, are indeed demagogical, if not accompanied by arguments for the duty to work, and for the forfeiture of the right, in cases of inefficiency, dishonesty, and insubordination. What shall be done with those who have forfeited the right is a problem of education, charity, and prison reform.

Employees object that arbitration courts would be controlled by employers. Herein, we are but repeating the history of the right to life, liberty, and property. Courts were introduced not merely to secure *right*, but to secure *peace*; to abolish blood, revenge, feuds, and "fist law," and so to protect the public as well as the parties to the controversy. Some authority has said—his weight does not matter—that if every decision of all the courts had been exactly opposite from that rendered, justice would have been as well done, as was actually done. Even if this were true, courts are not to be condemned. They have at least made the decisions peaceful,

instead of violent, and only thus could the popular conscience reach those higher, ethical opinions where the unjust laws and decisions of the past could be corrected.

Second, loss of employment through *improved machinery* and *trusts*. It is said that laborers themselves are benefited by these improvements in the long run. While this is true of laborers as a *class*, yet the individual laborer's life, it has been truly said, is not a long but a short run. There are three parties to be considered in the case of inventions and improvements of this kind,—the laborer, the employer, the public. The employer gets the immediate gain in lower costs of production; the public gets the ultimate gain in lower prices of goods; the laborer suffers the immediate loss. For him there are four alternatives: he must find similar employment elsewhere, he must learn a new trade, he must work at an inferior trade with a lower standard of life, or he must become a pauper. If we agree that only the first and second alternatives are permissible, it follows that the laborer has an ethical claim for compensation like that which the State grants to property-owners, when it exercises the power of eminent domain. The laborer has been encouraged by society to fit himself for a particular trade, and when this trade is abolished in the interests of society, the employer, first, and society, ultimately, should share the loss with him. The methods by which this can be accomplished, are matters of social invention and experiment. The German workingmen's insurance, with the premiums contributed,—one-third by the laborer, one-third by the employer, and one-third by the State,—seems to be a venture in this direction.*

* The Massachusetts Legislature of 1896 (chapter 450) has recognized the right to work as analogous to the right to property, and has provided, as an amendment to the Metropolitan Water Act, which had condemned the property of the village of West Boylston, a method of compensation to laborers similar to the compensation granted to property owners in proceedings under eminent domain. The Act reads:

"Section 1. Any resident of the town of West Boylston employed by any corporation, partnership, or individual at the time when the plant of such corporation, partnership, or individual is taken, and work therein stopped, on account of a reservoir for the Metropolitan Water Supply, and who is obliged, by reason of such taking, to seek employment elsewhere, shall have the right for one year from the termination of such employment as aforesaid, to file a claim for damages with the Metropolitan Water Commission, and if the same is not settled within sixty

Third, loss of employment through *depression of trade*. It is objected that here the laborer has no just claim, because he should have saved money in times of prosperity. The objection falls, in the face of inadequate wages, unstable employment, and the failure of government to guarantee security for savings, and to educate in thrift. In lieu of economic reform giving stability to industry, the right to work during depressions is more or less protected by employment bureaus, labor colonies, and public emergency works.

The above are only suggestions of methods that might be devised if the public conscience should really get converted to a belief in the right to work. The immense wealth, the perfected organization of business, the democratic governments of western civilization, have removed the material and competitive necessity which prevented its recognition. We only await the quickened conscience, the religious revival, the enlarged faith in natural rights, which shall move all peoples to utilize these new and rich opportunities of freedom.

What are some of the advantages to be gained by enforcing the right to work? It abolishes involuntary poverty. It permits rigid treatment of voluntary poverty, or pauperism, by removing all excuse from the able-bodied beggar and tramp. These can then rightly be treated as criminals. At present, the burden of proof is on the charity-givers, to show that the beggar *could* get work if he wanted it. Then, the burden would be on the beggar, to show that he was unable to work, notwithstanding that he could get it. Society gains by the prevention of strikes, saving thereby millions of dollars yearly. This more than compensates the increased taxation required to support insurance, courts, employment bureaus,

days within the filing thereof, he may bring a bill in equity in the superior court for the county of Worcester for the adjudication and collection of such damage. Any number of persons deprived of employment as aforesaid, may unite in such bill, and the withdrawal of any shall not prejudice the rights of others.

"Section 2. It shall be the duty of the court to ascertain whether or not such claimants have resided, and been employed, and deprived of employment as specified in this Act, and, if so, to issue a decree in favor of each to recover the actual damage which he has suffered by reason of such loss of employment, not, however, to exceed the sum of his wages for six months at the rate of wages paid to him for the last six months prior to such suspension of employment."

Sections 3 and 4 protect the state against imposition.

and so on. Above all, the right to work brings a higher manhood, a self-respect and respect for others, a strength of character, in the place of the servility, sullenness, and eyeservice, which stamp the mass of laborers, and the distrust, severity, and caprice, which mark the character of those who have arbitrary power over their fellows.

JOHN R. COMMONS.

Syracuse University.

SPAIN'S DECLINE AND FALL.

THE decline of Spain may be traced to the Spanish character more than to any other cause, and the underlying basis of that character is superstition, nurtured by blind obedience to ecclesiastical and civil authority. Other nations have been, and are, superstitious, but none are so deeply blinded as Spain, and, while others advance, she alone recedes. Decaying Spain is the only existing landmark of the dark ages. Ever at war, she little understood the art of war, and, with the cross for a battle-flag, she undertook to Christianize the world, placing more reliance upon the prayers of the clergy, and the miracle-working powers of holy relics, than on the valor of her soldiers. Her wars were ever for religion and conquest, never for freedom. There have been many insurrections in Spain, but seldom a genuine revolution due to love of liberty. Bowed down by superstition, the people were satisfied with their servile condition, because they knew no other, and believed their sole mission on earth was to convert the remainder of the human race to their way of thinking,—or rather, of not thinking,—and, failing this, to exterminate them. This is the principal cause of the decay of Spain. Some historians attribute it to the expulsion of the Moors, which is partly the cause, but in no other country could this barbarity have taken place. A people capable of such barbarities as were meted

to the Moors and Jews, was capable of the inquisition, and, when that was established, the downfall of Spain was written in the Book of Nations; for the people had surrendered what few liberties they possessed, and the clergy reigned supreme. The priesthood are ever at variance with the principles which make a people wise and great. They are jealous of their power, and seem more concerned in enslaving a state, than in saving souls. While other countries, jealous of their liberties, restricted the growing power of the church, Spain did the reverse. As a consequence, the others advanced; Spain stood still, then began to decay, and will continue decaying until the end. It has fallen to America, discovered by Spain when in her grandeur, to strike the blow which will hasten this disintegrating process, and consign this nation to her final doom. Heretofore, her strength has been in her weakness. Uninfluenced by civilization, and having only a baneful effect upon everything she came in contact with, she was practically isolated from the world of nations; looked upon with contempt by many, distrusted by all. Spanish honor has become a synonym for hypocrisy, and her valor but another name for cruelty and butchery. The wonder is not that the downfall of the nation is certain, but that it has been so long delayed.

A century ago, Thomas Jefferson expressed a thought that was, about a quarter of a century later, embodied in the much-quoted "Monroe Doctrine." He believed that Spain could not hold her American possessions "until we are strong enough to take them." He foresaw the decline and fall of Spain, and his only concern was, that some other power would wrest them from her before we became "strong enough to take them." He then put forward the doctrine of non-interference by European nations with affairs on this continent.

His words have proved to be those of a statesman; his hopes have been almost completely realized. The brief prosperity of Spain—a century is a brief period in the history of a nation—was not due to the people themselves, but resulted in spite of them. It was the bright age in her dark history

when she, fortunately, had good and enlightened rulers. When the progressive age ended, or, rather, when the bigoted rulers succeeded the wise ones, the dark ages came again. The people, besotted with superstition and servility, always opposed progress, and were not only incapable of self-government, but did not want it. There were revolutions, or uprisings, but they were local, and for local effect—for plunder and offices.

The United States present a striking example of a free, independent, and enlightened people. This country is not dependent upon those who may happen to be in office. On the contrary, it advances in spite of weak or corrupt officials. Some of the most prosperous periods of our country came when we had the weakest rulers. With the United States, it is the people, not the government; with Spain, it is the government, not the people. If Spain has progressive rulers, the country is progressive; if they are weak, or corrupt,—and they are generally both,—the country declines. Such a dependent people are unworthy of liberty.

But, Spain had fought so long for "religion," and become so deeply imbued with bigotry and blind obedience to the clergy, that the Spaniard cared nothing for personal liberty; much less for liberty of conscience. In fact, they had surrendered the right to think, or of inquiring whether they ever had any rights; or whether, as human beings, they were entitled to the exercise of a God-given reason, to freedom of action. It may be said that Spain began her national career in a war with the Suevi and the Visigoths, who overran the Iberian Peninsula. The Arian war lasted about a century and a half. It was a war for religion rather than for independence, but it so happened that in fighting for one they were fighting for both. In this struggle, the empire nearly fell to pieces. The clergy seized the opportunity and raised the church above the state, and it has never unto this day loosened its baneful grasp. Thus, at the beginning of the seventh century, Spain had lost what little liberty she had possessed, and the church was more powerful in the Peninsula than in any other part of Europe.

The same relative power still exists. A century later, the Mohammedan invasion began, and, within three years, the entire country was conquered, except the almost inaccessible mountainous regions. It took Spain eight centuries to accomplish what the invaders accomplished in three years. While this may not speak well for the effective fighting qualities of the Spaniards, it evidences the stubbornness and bull-dog tenacity of the people our country may have to deal with for some time to come. This, too, was a religious war, though they were also fighting for their homes. About the time of the discovery of America, this holy war ended, and the cross was planted over the crescent throughout Spain. Then followed the infamous decree expelling the Jews, who refused to deny the faith of their fathers, and the establishment of the inquisition. In following up their religious conquest by expelling the Jews and Moors, Spain showed her customary obtuseness, for these were the laborers, artisans, and manufacturers, who had made the country prosperous. With their departure, industry languished, factories were closed, the fields remained untilled, and poverty reigned in a once prosperous land. For the Spaniard considered it beneath his dignity to work—he could only be warrior, priest, or state official. Everybody prayed, no one worked, the land was overrun with bandits and beggars; while churches, convents, and priests increased to an alarming extent, eating the substance of the poor farmers, even taking the roofs from the houses of those who were too impoverished to pay the high taxes constantly levied upon them for the support of the unproductive, so-called privileged classes.

About the beginning of the sixteenth century, Spain entered upon a career of prosperity, which continued for another century, a career almost unparalleled in the history of progressive nations. The discovery of America had given to her a vast territory covering sixty degrees of latitude; Cortez conquered Mexico; Pizarro subdued the Peruvians and poured immense riches into the Spanish treasury; they also acquired Central America, San Domingo, Jamaica, and Chili;

and in Africa, Spain had taken Ceuta and Tunis, and terrorized the Barbary Coast. She boasts that she still holds Ceuta, a penal colony. In Asia, she had extensive settlements, including the Spice Islands, and made a conquest of the Philippines to establish communications between her vast possessions, for she had also acquired the Balearic and Canary Islands, Naples, Sicily, Sardinia, and the Netherlands. At this time, it is believed her possessions comprised nearly two thirds of the globe, and her armies had been successful against France and Turkey, the latter then one of the strongest powers in the world. By diplomacy, she influenced the councils of France, Germany, and England, through the intermarriage of reigning families. Military ardor was at its height, literature and the arts advanced; and it is remarkable that this century produced more able writers than all the previous history of Spain, and no succeeding age has surpassed that brightest page in Spanish literature. But, this awakening was short-lived, for it had no solid foundation. This fleeting prosperity was due to the succession of able, liberal-minded, progressive rulers, not to the efforts of the people. When incompetent rulers ascended the throne, the grandeur of Spain began to decline, the descent was more rapid than the advance, the twilight of her brilliant, though brief, prosperity had cast its shadow. The people were opposed to progress, and without their co-operation all efforts were in vain. The prosperity of a country must be built upon the intelligence and industry of the people, else it is not lasting. By trusting blindly to rulers, Spain was almost always miserably governed. Frequently reduced to bankruptcy, humiliated, and, finally, dispossessed of her immense territories, she sank from a first-class power to one of the most insignificant.

The decline of Spain after her brief century of prosperity, may be dated from the destruction of the "Invincible Armada," which was sent against England, not for the spread of civilization, but to stamp out what the Spaniards termed heresy, for Protestantism was gaining ground, and the power

of the English clergy was being lessened. Spain ever considered herself the custodian, or dictator, of the religion of the world, and never hesitated to wage war against unbelievers, or those who differed from the Spanish church. These continual wars gradually weakened her power, and when the Invincible Armada was destroyed, she obtusely believed that it was not due to the superior fighting of the enemy, but to the vengeance of God visited upon them because they had not sufficiently punished their heretics. Accordingly, the fires of the "Holy Inquisition" were made to burn the fiercer, and in a few years their bigoted land was purified, according to their ideas of purification, and the church party ruled supreme. Darkness again spread over the land.

A few years after the failure of the crusade against England, the Spanish empire began to crumble. She lost, among other possessions, the Netherlands, Malacca, Ceylon, Java, and Portugal, after which came the crushing defeat at Rocroy. This blow, it is generally believed, broke the martial spirit of Spain, and her decline now became more rapid. Soon she was forced to renounce all claim to Holland, and cede away parts of Flanders, and fortresses in the Low Countries. This was followed by the surrender of territory to France, which made the Pyrennees the boundary between the nations. Other parts of Flanders were lost, and, in the eighteenth century came in rapid succession, Gibraltar, Majorca, Minorca, and Ivizza, and in the latter part of the century the disintegration was renewed by the loss of the Nootka Sound settlements, and San Domingo. The falling away was even more rapid in the early part of this century, when Spain lost Louisiana, which then extended from the Gulf of Mexico to the northern lakes; also, Trinidad, Florida, Mexico, Venezuela, Nicaragua, Peru, Guatemala, Honduras, and the remainder of the Central American isthmus. In this general uprising, ending in 1821, Spain lost all her possessions on the American continent. Her decline had been more rapid than her rise, and though she was humbled as a nation, and frequently had the mortification of seeing

her territories divided, she still believed herself to be a great nation. She believes so now.

During the height of her prosperity Spain was governed by foreign rulers, or the immediate descendants of foreigners. It was these who inaugurated the reforms which caused the nation's brief prosperity in spite of the lethargy of the people, and when they were succeeded by Spanish rulers, all progress stopped, and the decline began. So low was Spain reduced, that her armies and navies were frequently commanded by foreigners, generally English or French. So low was the ebb of statesmanship, that men capable of conducting the finances and other governmental departments, were invited from abroad. It was a shameful admission to make, but it was a fact, nevertheless, and owing mainly to the incompetency and dishonesty of the ruling classes, whom those in power feared to trust. The same state of affairs exists in Spain today, and this corrupt incompetency was recently exemplified in Cuba. In addition, Spain had become powerless in naval armament.

She had neither ships, nor the skill to build them; the art of navigation had been forgotten, or neglected, and there were no sailors to man her vessels. Again, foreign aid was asked, and laborers were invited to settle upon her waste lands, from which she had driven the industrious Moors, and to make the country again prosperous. After her freebooters had discovered rich silver and gold mines in New Spain, or Mexico, foreigners were employed to dig the ill-gotten wealth upon which many Spanish houses of nobility were built. Other nations, even though only half-civilized, would have felt the sting of shame, at this degradation and unparalleled ignorance, but not so with Spain. To labor was beneath the dignity of a Spaniard, and ignorance was considered a virtue, rather than a national crime. While other nations advanced, Spain declined, and the contrast made the decline seem more rapid. It was remarkably rapid, considering that the world was emerging from a thousand years of darkness and superstition, and while all others were progressing, Spain

alone was retrograding, decaying, hastening to her ignoble destiny.

The fires of the reformation had been kindled in superstitious Scotland, and England had been enlightened. A spark was wafted to bigoted Spain, but it was soon extinguished under the tortures of the inquisition. The world now saw there was no hope for a nation deeply imbued with superstition, and strongly opposed to popular education, the only remedy. So long as the church is in power, so long will Spain continue to decline, until her fall, and, judging from recent events, that is not now far distant.

Though Spain discovered America, the wrongs inflicted upon the natives were innumerable, and of the most inhuman kind—characteristic of the Spanish nature. She came not to spread civilization, but for plunder; and not finding it, the country was no more thought of until she heard that a colony of French Huguenots, escaping the persecutions of the church at home, had landed in Florida. An expedition was fitted out, bearing aloft the cross as a battle-flag, and, landing upon the Florida coast, these zealots committed one of the bloodiest massacres in their long history of crimes. True, it was avenged, but it was invited. The expeditions of Cortez and Pizarro were also for plunder, and not in the interests of civilization. So long as these freebooters forwarded the King's fifth, they might murder the natives at their brutal pleasure; for the Spanish character is evidently so constituted that it revels in cruelty. Spanish rule in the Antilles has been one of uninterrupted barbarity. The natives were enslaved, and made to work, while expeditions were sent out to prey upon the commerce of the world. Failing in their efforts to break the proud spirit of the North American Indians, the Spaniards began the importation of negroes from Africa, and to Spain we are primarily indebted for human slavery in the United States. The barbarities practised by the Spaniards, in this inhuman traffic, are unparalleled in the world's history, and are almost too horrible for belief. It taxes human credulity, and would not be believed of any other people but the Spaniards.

No attempt was made to civilize the natives of the countries conquered by Spain, for she little understood civilization, and was the natural enemy of progress. On the contrary, she destroyed what little civilization she found, and left the wretched natives, poorer and broken in spirit, neither civilized nor savage, possessing the virtues of neither condition, and both. Their places of worship were destroyed, their priests dethroned, and the natives were flogged into submission. Like the Moors, they were not permitted to speak their own language, nor to observe the customs of their fathers. Even their names were changed — they must be Spanish in thought, deed, and name. In California, then part of New Spain, even the names of the Indian villages, and of the rivers, and other natural objects, were changed, Spanish being substituted. Here, the conquest was more successful — the extermination of the natives more complete. But, in the southwest, now New Mexico, whither the adventurers had been attracted by the fabulous stories of the Seven Cities of Cibola, built of gold and silver, the Spaniards met with a temporary reverse. The natives rebelled, murdered the priests, and burned their church buildings, just as had the Spaniards when they invaded the country. But this rebellion, like the Moorish uprising, was soon quelled, and with about the same barbarity. Here, too, the natives have wasted away, as everywhere else under Spanish tyranny. Her rule has ever been one of tyranny and injustice; the people are not consulted. The Spaniards are content to fight for the cross and the honor of Spain, whatever that may happen to be at the time, and they also want a share of the plunder wrested from other countries. But, her days of conquest for plunder are ended, and her future efforts will be concentrated at home, where, at last, the people show some signs of awakening from their long slumber. No country can permanently prosper unless the people are industrious, and industry is not a characteristic of the Spanish race. Her temporary greatness was the result of other brains and hands; their work has been undone by blundering and corrupt Spanish officials. Spain

is dying with mock dignity and false pride,—the author of her own misfortunes,—content within her impenetrable walls of ignorance, yet hastening to the inevitable end.

J. M. SCANLAND.

Benton, Louisiana.

CURRENCY REFORM.

SENATOR Henry Wilson, February 13, 1862, referred to the efforts of our government, then in peril, to relieve its financial distress through the legal tender act, in these words: "It is a struggle between the brokers, jobbers, and money-changers on the one side, and the people of the United States on the other."

Thaddeus Stevens, December 10, 1862, said in the house of representatives: "The bill which I introduced some days since to provide means to defray the expenses of the government produced a howl among the money-changers, as hideous as that set forth by their Jewish cousins when they were kicked out of the temple."

Hugh McCulloch, in his report as Comptroller of the Currency in 1864, wrote: "Hostility to the government has been as decidedly manifested in the effort that has been made in the commercial metropolis of the nation to depreciate the money as it has been by the enemy in the field."

William Pitt Fessenden reported, as Secretary of the Treasury in 1864, that, "The solution of the problem (the violent fluctuations in the price of gold) may be found in the unpatriotic and criminal efforts of speculators to raise the price of coin, regardless of the injury inflicted upon the country, or desiring to inflict it."

Thomas Jefferson wrote to John Taylor in 1816: "I sincerely believe with you, that banking establishments are more dangerous than standing armies."

When Jackson protested in his message of 1832 against the

"exclusive privileges, which undertake to make the rich richer and the potent more powerful," Nicholas Biddle, President of the United States Bank, wrote: "As to the President's message, I am delighted with it. It has all the fury of a chained panther, biting the bars of his cage. It is really a manifesto of anarchy, such as Marat or Robespierre might have issued to the mob of the Faubourg Saint Antoine, and my hope is, it will contribute to relieve the country from the dominion of these miserable people."

The United States Bank went down under Jackson's attack, but Benton well prophesied from the floor of the senate: "The tigress has been driven from her lair, but she has not been killed. She will come forth again surrounded by all her whelps."

These are the utterances of earlier statesmen, who attempted to defend the people against the aggressions of those, who, as Jefferson said in 1816, "have an interest as distinct from that of the community as that of drones is from that of bees."

There yet remains a democratic party which is pledged to this work; there are yet public men, willing to devote themselves to the same defense of the popular rights, even though they realize that there was no idle threat in the utterance of the President of the New York State Bankers' Association, April 27, 1895: "The politician, high or low, who today turns from the straight course of sound money and the gold standard, stabs dead once for all his every chance of political success, especially if he wants to be President."

The money forces are now organized and have their headquarters at Indianapolis, where the Wall Street dominion will not be so apparent. They have a large establishment, devoted to propaganda work, and, though a voluntary association, have had sufficient influence to secure recognition in a special message of President McKinley to congress. They have their own representative at the head of the United States Treasury, whose special mission is demonstrated by the fact that he was appointed by a republican and protectionist President, when he was a free-trader and called himself a democrat. It is com-

mon knowledge that President Cleveland was urged to appoint the same gentleman to the same place in 1893. What Secretary Gage's mission is, he himself has made clear. He calls it "currency reform," a euphemism for "currency revolution." The sum and substance of this so-called reform appears in the Secretary's testimony before the banking and currency committee, the culmination of which may be found in the banking measure now pending before the house of representatives (House Bill No. 10,289).

This bill proposes to retire all government paper, and to place our currency system under the exclusive control of the united banks. As the gold standard defenders have dubbed their ruinous product "sound money," so they now put forward this cataclysmal scheme under the innocent title "currency reform." In no republican newspaper, in no utterance of republican leaders, in the late campaign, has there been even an inadvertent reference to this banking bill; its existence is ignored, and "currency reform" is its synonym. In the recent monetary debate at Omaha, two members of the banking and currency committee of the house were put forward to oppose government issues of paper; Mr. McCleary, who has given his name to the bill, and Mr. Fowler, whose name the bill at one time bore. Under repeated challenges and taunts, these gentlemen declined to discuss their own measure, and even to mention it. That such silence was preconcerted needs no proof.

In the recent political campaign, no champions of this banking measure appeared on the republican platform, although challenges were issued from democratic quarters to indorse or repudiate the bill now pending before congress. In Massachusetts, it was deliberately and repeatedly charged by democrats, that it was the republican purpose to smuggle this great measure through the campaign without informing the republican constituency of its nature; yet no republican senator, congressman, or newspaper would speak or publish a line concerning the bill. Yet, with republican success in the election, the same newspapers are teeming with sur-

mises, whether the President will call an extra session of congress for the sole purpose of securing "currency reform."

Plainly, a matter which is of sufficient importance to call for an extra session of Congress, is of sufficient importance to be explained to the voters. Yet, at the end of a congressional campaign, ninety-nine one-hundredths of the people are ignorant of the contents and purport of the measure which constitutes "currency reform," in the administration's meaning of the phrase.

It ought indeed to be apparent now that there was a pre-concerted plan to keep the voters in ignorance of the new banking scheme, and one need not go far to find the reason. Nine-tenths of the people, regardless of party, would oppose this measure, if they understood it.

The money forces do not gain their advantages through votes, but by ignoring votes. The demonetization of silver was accomplished secretly; the silver dollar has been discredited through the acts of successive secretaries of the Treasury; the treasury note of 1890 was made redeemable in silver dollars, yet the secretaries of the Treasury agreed to redeem them in gold; bonds of the government are payable in coin, yet the present secretary of the Treasury proposes that they shall be paid in gold: clearing house certificates are subject to a tax of ten per cent. by law, but no administration has yet enforced the tax. The President of the United States, in his last message, declared that the necessity for currency reform involved "some plan to protect the government against bond issues for repeated redemptions" of United States notes in gold: yet if the President observed the law and exercised the government's right to redeem in silver the demands for redemptions (i. e., gold for export and bond speculations) would cease at once. The President, like his predecessors, creates the necessity of which he complains, by refusing to adopt the course by which the Bank of France maintains its gold fund intact and the French monetary system in a sound and efficient condition. There is not an evil in our monetary

status of today which is not deliberately created, contrary to law and administrative duty. Secretary Carlisle in 1896 made a wanton onslaught on the integrity of the silver dollar, by declaring that it should be redeemed in gold. No line of law can be found to warrant such an attempt to debase lawful legal tender money of the United States. These points are merely illustrative of the methods by which the money agencies obtain their end without consulting the people.

But the besetting question is whether these agencies can now secure a revolutionary measure in their own interests without a popular vote. They can if they are able to make the republican party their tool. A leading republican newspaper of Boston reports from Washington, that while some leading republicans "believe it policy to have no extra session, and no currency reform, many less conspicuous republican congressmen are going to the President with quite a different story. They believe the business men (sic?) who stand back of the Indianapolis movement, constitute a factor in politics too strong to be disregarded."

The same paper suggests "If the currency question is postponed to the regular long session, nothing will be done; for the administration has no desire to spring the currency issue upon the country on the eve of a presidential election."

Probably these items fairly express the political dilemma of the present administration. It knows the unpopularity of the banking measure if disclosed in a campaign, and yet, if it can be made a law in an early extra session of congress, the mighty power of the combined banks would be made an ally in the coming presidential campaign. In the last analysis, it is merely a question whether this bill shall be passed without submitting it to the people. The Indianapolis Banking League demand it, and the President must decide whether he will incur their ill will, or that of the people.

If the bill passes the 56th congress, its passage will be a deliberate deception of the republican voters. There is no line in the republican platform of 1896 which foreshadows such a measure. The treasury is filled with gold to reple-

tion ; the revenues will be ample when the war expenditures cease ; the treasury balance is too large. The gold standard is established to the utmost limit of its devotees. Why then should there be any "currency reform?" They who ask this question are uninstructed. From the very beginning, the gold standard has covered the plan of the bankers to obtain absolute control of the currency system of the United States. Secretary Gage is the product of that plan, and the President must reckon with his political obligations incurred without the knowledge or consent of the people. The Indianapolis movement is the money power organized with a purpose. It is "the tigress with all her whelps," come for her prey, as Benton promised. The charter of the United States bank was a small matter compared with this. That bank was one of many; this is a matter of many in one. Our whole currency system is to be taken from the control of the people, and the united banks are to assume command of it. They propose to maintain the gold standard, and gold redemption of their own notes, to regulate the rates of interest, to control the volume of money ; and all this without responsibility to the people of the United States.

This is a stupendous plan, but it cannot now be misunderstood. The house bill No. 10,289 was framed at request of Secretary Gage; and the Indianapolis authorities, in an address to the business men of the United States, say, "The recommendations (of this bill) include the features of reform sought by the monetary commission in its report. Every advocate of change in our currency laws, and every citizen and business man who seeks safe and stable things in finance, should immediately recognize the vital importance of complete support of the measure." The great banks of New York and their associates are after a great prize. The republican leaders see the danger of yielding to their demands, and no doubt there will be a contest within the administration ranks. We await the result.

Meantime, it remains to instruct the people as to the character of the scheme. The Indianapolis league urges the

people to "write immediately to your congressman to favor this bill." Let the people understand this measure and "write immediately to their congressmen to oppose this bill."

No doubt the leaders of the democracy will be grateful to the republican party, if it furnishes such an issue, but it is far too important to be dealt with from the standpoint of party interest. For the present it is not a party question.

The essential points of the proposed banking measure are as follows: Provision is made for a division of issue and redemption in the treasury, which is to take charge of redemption and exchanges of money, with funds, delivered for the purpose by the Secretary of the Treasury. All obligations of the government are to be paid in gold, and even the 460,000,000 silver dollars are made redeemable in gold by the treasury, on demand.

It may be noted here that the claim of relief to the treasury from the so-called "endless chain" of note redemptions, must be stamped as a mere pretense, when one of the first provisions of the bill is an addition to the government's redeemable obligations of silver dollars amounting to more than the total of the United States notes and treasury notes combined. This first step, then, increases from \$445,000,000 to the enormous total of \$909,000,000, the liability of the treasury to redeem in gold.

It will be found upon critical examination, that the alleged retirement of the United States notes is really only a substitution of other notes, identical with the old notes, with the simple addition of a bank's promise to redeem the notes, on demand, in gold. If the banks should be unable, or unwilling, at any time to redeem these substituted notes, they will be thrown upon the government treasury for redemption, just as the United States notes may now be presented.

The note so issued as a substitute for the United States note is called a "national reserve" note, identical in form with the greenback, but containing the promise of the national bank to which the note is issued, to pay the same in gold, on demand. These "reserve" notes are issued to the

banks in exchange for a like amount of United States notes, delivered by the bank to the treasury. A five per cent. fund is deposited by the banks to secure the redemption of these "reserve" notes.

It is apparent that this substitution is a mere subterfuge, as the government remains liable for the redemption of all the reserve notes, if the banks refuse to redeem them. As such refusal would occur at any time when gold is scarce, the government would be compelled to assume its liability at the worst possible moment. Bond sales at such a time would be at a sacrifice, and perhaps sufficient gold could not then be obtained at any sacrifice. At the same time, the repudiating banks could throw silver upon the government for redemption. Thus, in the final analysis, the government's present obligation to redeem currently \$445,000,000 in notes, is changed to a liability to redeem \$900,000,000 in a time of gold famine. The scheme reaches the summit of folly.

But the price to be paid for the banks' indorsement of the United States notes is even more to be deprecated. The banks are to receive the privilege of issuing eighty per cent. of the amount of their capital, in notes secured only by the assets of the bank. A five per cent. "guaranty fund" for these so-called "currency" notes is deposited, in gold, in the treasury; but as this fund is only applicable upon default of the bank to pay gold for its notes, such a deposit cannot be called "security"; it is merely a stored asset of the bank, to be applied to the note in process of liquidation. Other banks may be assessed one per cent. in a single year toward this security fund, but in case of a general suspension of gold payments by the banks, such a levy would not raise an appreciable amount toward the redemption of the hundreds of millions of unsecured bank currency.

It should be said in passing, that the present bond-secured note is to be continued for a time, but as the bond security may be entirely withdrawn in eight years, such a temporary provision is not worth discussing in connection with the ultimate and permanent conditions.

In concrete form, the note-issuing power is as follows: a bank with \$1,000,000 capital may deliver to the treasury \$400,000 in United States notes and receive \$400,000 in reserve notes. It may then have \$800,000 in circulation notes and operate with \$1,200,000 in notes, together with its remaining capital of \$600,000, a total of \$1,800,000. Their \$1,200,000 of notes must be paid on demand, in gold; if such payment be refused, the bank is to be placed in liquidation. It is apparent, however, that no such process is possible in case of a general suspension of gold payments, as the concurrent liquidation of all the banks, when the money of these banks constituted the nation's currency, would create widespread ruin. The limit of unsecured circulation, not subject to special tax, is eighty per cent. of the bank's capital. The present capital of the national banks is \$640,000,000. But state banks are invited by the bill to enter the system. Such banks have a reported capital of \$325,000,000; thus presenting a capitalization of nearly \$1,000,000,000, and note-issuing power of \$800,000,000. The surplus and undivided profits of such banks, now amounts to over \$500,000,000, which may be capitalized. Thus, \$1,000,000,000 of note-issuing power may fairly be contemplated.

It may fairly be asked how these banks and the government are to get and retain sufficient gold to maintain current redemption of their obligations. It is assumed in all arguments against government issues of paper, that such issues drive out gold. Bank issues will not operate otherwise, and this system promises to open with the loss of gold, at the very time when the need of gold increases. Furthermore, the steadily increasing foreign holdings of American securities which command gold in our market in payment of principal and interest, will allow Europe to draw upon us at will.

The committee on banking and currency attempted to answer this question with the assertion, that the sea-board banks can control gold exports by raising the rate of interest. The plain answer to this proposition is, that only creditor countries can make their rate of discount thus effective.

One cannot get money from a creditor, when the creditor has only to cancel the debt to meet any temporary trade balance.

Furthermore, it is familiar that the process of attracting money by raising the rate of interest, means only a reduction in the price of goods. Thus our staple industries must pay the cost of the needed gold, in products. But, if this process were otherwise possible, it is only conceivable when the banks of the country are combined into a practical monopoly. Thousands of banks, acting independently, will destroy any interest rate; if they can be compelled to conform, such controlling force is the realization of a banking trust.

Such, indeed, seems to be the necessary result of this banking measure, if it is not its main purpose. The bill provides for the establishment of branch banks. It is clear that such a provision is a roving commission of piracy against the small banks. They must obey the orders of the master banks under penalty of competition from the latter, with their large capital and deposits to back them. The very authority to enter any community with a branch, would give the great banks the power speedily to convert the small banks into branches.

Another provision of the bill is equally efficacious. Each country bank is compelled to have a redemption agent in the clearing-house city of its district, and its notes cannot be paid over the counter of a bank in another clearing-house district unless the issuing bank has a redemptive agency in the district. Thus, if a local bank desires the general circulation of its notes in the country, it must, through its own clearing-house bank, secure agencies throughout the country. Its notes will thus remain in general circulation and in bank reserves, in ordinary times. But, if any bank should offend the great banks, its notes could be collected at once and sent in mass for redemption. This would be an instrument of ruin.

It is also apparent that the city banks will hold the bulk of the gold fund, while the small banks will issue most of the "currency notes." These will then be dependent upon the great banks for their very solvency, at all times.

As "currency" notes are legal tender between banks, the city banks could compel the country banks to receive bank notes in payment of their debts, and in returning their reserves, and the country banks would have no power to command gold for redemption purposes. With all these levers under the small banks, their dependence is assured, and a banking monopoly is certain to result. Such a monopoly will be more stupendous in its power than any which the world has seen, or the mind of man conceived. The Comptroller of the Currency has shown that the banking power of the United States is nearly one-third of the world's banking power. The political influence of such a money trust would be so vast, its control of business and merchants would be so complete, that patriots may well tremble at the prospect of such a consummation.

At this writing, the President is reported to be weakening in his determination not to call an extra session of congress to pass a bill for "currency reform." It is easy to see that the temptation of a political alliance with such a giant force may be too great for the President to withstand.

There are minor provisions of this bill, which are open to serious criticism, but not worthy of space in the face of the general policy. One provision, however, illustrates the tyrannical spirit which characterizes the measure. The division of issue and redemption is placed in the hands of three comptrollers, who shall be appointed in the first instance for four, eight, and twelve years respectively, and thereafter appointments shall be for twelve years. Thus, if appointed by President McKinley near the end of his term, all will hold through the succeeding administration, and a majority through the administration following. But lest the popular house, or a new President, should interfere with these officials, the bill provides that they shall only be removed with the consent of the senate upon charges in writing. This is the most vicious attack upon our representative system, which any power has yet ventured. Partizanship may well be cast aside to defeat such a scheme.

But the main point, after all, is the abandonment to the banks of the people's sovereign power to control its own currency. If such power is to be given to the banks, they may as well have all they demand, for the country is in their power. Kings and emperors have guarded the sovereign power of issuing money above all others. In all the compromises made by monarchs with their peoples, this privilege has never been yielded. It remains to be seen whether our government will give up this power. It is certain that it will never be done through a popular vote. It can only be consummated if the republican party has so far come under capitalistic domination as to yield this great power to the bankers, not only without popular consent, but contrary to the known will of a vast majority of our people.

GEO. FRED WILLIAMS.

Boston.

HAS LIFE A MEANING?

An ideal perfection is the only ultimate reason for existence. —*W. M. Salter.*

IN the preceding issues of the *Arena*, I have spoken of a number of psychological and philosophical questions usually neglected in discussions of the problem of freedom and the study of the therapeutic doctrine known as the "New Thought." Namely, the problem of the soul's existence as a center of spiritual activity, the relation of the New Thought to ethics and to the doctrine of fate, and the meaning of individuality in reference to different theories of ultimate being. These are vital questions in any philosophy, problems which, to believers in the New Thought and students of Orientalism, are of special significance. I now propose to consider them under the heading of the meaning of life, and return to these problems in the following numbers of *The Arena* in connection with an analysis of the statement "All is good." The point of view is that of the independent

truth-seeker, by no means the disciple of any particular system of thought.

If we ask, "In what sense may life be said to have a meaning?" all philosophers would probably agree in expecting the universe to be rational. In the terms of the Hegelian philosophy, "whatever is real, is rational." If our consciousness, our life, even our spiritual vision, is real, it is also rational; it is capable of being rationalized. There may be much in our spiritual life that is, as yet, real only for feeling. But when it becomes the subject of thought, it must conform to the standards of thought, and take its place in a rational system. The philosopher asks, "Why does this phase of life exist?" He undertakes to *explain* life, to account for the universe as a principle. He asks to know enough about the mysteries of being, even the dark problem of evil, to enable him to justify or understand the existence of evil. He seeks to develop a system so complete that no sensible question could be propounded which he would be unable to answer. If he did not believe it possible thus to assign reasons for things, to systematize or unify all knowledge in accordance with a universally valid principle, the philosophic task would obviously be absurd. And the one test which the rationalist persistently applies to alleged explanations of life is, "Do they really explain?" Or, if not, what part of science is still excluded, what aspect of our nature remains unsatisfied?

Usually the unsatisfied portion of our nature is the higher self. As surely as the intellect insists that life is rational, that our account of it must appeal to reason, so surely does the moral sense and the longing for the spiritual life demand that they shall have place. Clearly, then, life can have no meaning for those who recognize the demands of the higher self, unless that self is to triumph. Or, to put it more broadly, I think all would agree that human life could have no satisfactory meaning unless man were an active agent, with probabilities of success in the realization of ideals.

If we analyze our relationship with the outer world, we find that the fundamental physical fact is the existence of force.

We live amid a surging, struggling sea of forces, conservative, evolutionary, consuming, and constructive. So far as we know, there is no evidence that force was once created, or that its sum total changes. All the evidence, examined by reason, points to its eternal existence or conservation. We do not, then, need to ask *why* it exists, but *what* is force, and how does it act? All that is needed to account for the stupendous variety of the universe is :

(1) Ultimate force, capable of differentiation into all these forms we perceive, holding all elements in solution ; and (2) Life, or mind to direct its differentiation, the progress of evolution to higher and higher organisms, the mineral, vegetable, animal, and mental worlds. For it is not enough to posit the existence of mere blind force ; the evidences of design are too strong for that. There is both motion and the power that directs it. Force is not blind. It works toward definite ends. It accomplishes, it causes to evolve, it sustains, it lives, it loves ; for, ultimately, it is guided by the wisdom, the love, the spirit of God.

Yet, even when regarded as the manifestation of God, the universe would have no meaning for man if he were merely played upon by this sea of forces. All our activities imply that we hope to accomplish something, and believe we shall succeed. Yea, more, observation has taught us that the world is an exact system, that action and reaction are equal. We know from positive experience that we can not only act, but see the results of our action coming swiftly toward us. It is futile, too, to suggest that all this may be illusion, that we only *seem* to act ; for we can disprove that hypothesis at any moment. And this appeal to actual fact and our power over it is coming to mean more and more among philosophers. Formerly, the universe was assumed to exist for thought. It was futile to appeal to sense, or will. But now the analysis is not for thought's sake only. The search is for a conception of reality which shall also satisfy or include feeling and volition, the factors of activity or accomplishment. Moreover, life would be the most tantalizing form of imprisonment

imaginable, were we doomed to be mere helpless spectators among such a wealth of possibilities, were we compelled to witness our own destruction, unable to lift a finger to save or to protect. It is also clear that a God would be hard and cruel in the extreme, who should create us without power of action. For why should he send us here only to torment us? Why should he create us at all, unless we are capable, each and every one, of adding something new to his universe?

The possibility of individual action I take, therefore, to be the reason for creating sentient beings; and, among them, man, as a matter of fact, is found to have the fullest active power. For not only has he powers of locomotion and sensibility in common with the lower animals, but he is also gifted with keener mental powers, which enable him to outwit their greater physical strength.

In other words, force acts in two ways, (1) action and reaction are equal; (2) action yields to the action of some other force. A large part of our activity is reflex, conforming to the general reflex-action type. Yet we also possess the power of inhibition, the origination of a reaction differing from that which the nerve stimulus would tend to provoke. The mind redirects for ends of its own, ends which sensation does not supply.

That which in general directs and redirects force, gives a new turn, originates tendencies, refashions, recreates, causes to evolve, is the principle of spiritual activity. Considered thus at large, it is God; in ourselves, it is the soul. That the nature and place of spiritual activity is really the central problem of life, is evident from a glance at the following schedule:

The central problem of psychology is the nature and function of activity.

The central ground of ethics is the power of choice, the moral deed, activity in the moral world.

The central fact of the universe is the presence of directive intelligence, or active design.

The central need of conduct is the development of wisely conscious control of our spiritual activity.

The central remedy of all practical thought is the wiser use of our powers of activity.

The central problem of philosophy is the meaning of the principle of activity in general.

The fact that man acts, is, therefore, the starting-point of all sound attempts to wrest from the universe its meaning. It is true, thinkers in the past have believed that the fact of knowledge was the starting-point. Modern philosophy begins with an attempt of this kind, in Descartes' famous *cogito, ergo sum*: I think, therefore I am. But existence of some sort is clearly prior to knowledge. It is not through knowledge, as such, that I am made aware of the existence of a real world, but through feeling, life, action. Feeling is, in fact, ultimate, immediate, universal. We cannot leap beyond it to see what lies outside. We cannot for one moment escape from it. Thought, however, is secondary. It tries to comprehend feeling, to account for and picture it. Yet thought can never overtake and fully grasp feeling, for the reason that feeling ever surges on to deeper, fuller experiences.

The existence of feeling implies that I act. We become aware of pain, for example, as something pressing in upon us, as force making itself felt. It meets other force, or resistance, hence the painful sensation. "Force solicits force, and force only *is*, in so far as it is solicited." I must act, I must be active in order to be acted upon. I become aware of the active world of nature only so far as I, too, am a lively center of force.* But the fact that I act, implies that I am. I must *be*, before I can *do*. The proper form of the statement, therefore, is, as Prof. Andrew Seth puts it,† "*Ago, ergo, sum*": I act, therefore I am. We may accordingly accept activity as the basic fact of life, implied alike in feeling, in thought, and in volition; the bone and marrow of existence.

But it happens that the problem of activity is just now the vital issue among psychologists. It is necessary, therefore,

* I am using the term activity as applicable to all our states of consciousness, including those usually termed "passive"; since a state of complete inaction is impossible. See Stout, "Analytic Psychology," Vol. 1, page 168.

† "Man's Place in the Cosmos."

to look yet further into the evidence for its existence, before we can proceed to a consideration of the place of man's activity in the universe as a whole.

Current psychology has been aptly termed the "psychology without a soul," because it treats human consciousness as a succession of mental states dependent on the brain, not demanding the existence of a permanent ego. According to this view, "ideas go off or explode, as it were, in movements of their own accord. There is first the idea of the movement, as in contemplation, and, second, the perception of the movement as executed."* But a little reflection shows that our ideas have only the form we give them. There is a difference between mere thought, and thought accompanied by action. Ideas may direct, but there is an efficient energy that performs. As Fichte pointed out, the efficient force is not in the ideas, but rests with the will of the self that chooses them. Any number of ideas may pass through the mind without leaving their traces behind, so long as the will does not choose them as ends of action, or subjects of continuous thought. Ideas become dynamic, they become real springs of action *when I cast the die of activity in their favor*. A thousand ideas pass ineffectively through the mind, to one that we seize upon and make the motor image of action. "Ideas in themselves are pale and ineffective as the shades of Homeric mythology." It is absurd to think that they marshal themselves, and that one out of a thousand "goes off"; for they stand in need of an efficient governor, or chooser. To doubt that there is such a chooser, or agent within, is really to doubt the existence of the human mind, since its essence consists in this active difference from the states it contemplates.

"Among all the errors of the human mind," says Lotze,† "it has always seemed to me the strangest that it could doubt its own existence, of which it alone has direct exper-

* Andrew Seth. "Man's Place in the Cosmos." See his able refutation of Münsterberg's theory. Chapter III.

† "Microcosmus," I. Bk. 2, ch. 5.

ience, or to take it at second-hand as the product of an external Nature, which we know only indirectly, only by means of the knowledge of the very mind to which we would fain deny existence."

It is customary among physiological psychologists to describe the mind as conditioned by its physical states. But how came it that there is a mind to be so conditioned? The question still remains, "What is the mind?" To leave the question here, would be like describing the structure of a prison cell as such that it permanently confined a noted prisoner, without telling who that prisoner is.

It is equally true to affirm that matter is found only in association with mind, that our knowledge of it is conditioned by mind. In any case, then, mind is nearest us, the given conscious fact is most fundamental; it is that alone through which we know of the existence of either mind or matter. The acceptance of the mind, therefore, as ultimate, fundamental, primary, volitional, dynamic, seems to be imperative, if we are to believe in our existence at all.

When we fairly look into the matter, we find a wealth of evidence pointing to the existence of an active spiritual principle within. We find there, a self capable of grasping the thought-stream, so to speak, and extracting new ideas from it, a self that does not contemplate, in bare, passive resistlessness, but is capable of originating new feelings, of giving rise to new efforts. Moreover, it is capable of inhibition, of self-control, of self-denial, of a flood of emotions and states unlike anything found in nature. It possesses self-consciousness, the marvelous power of unifying a vast number of objects under the head of a single idea; it can introspect, and possesses the same identity throughout its marvelously varied and complicated moods. It is the continuous principle of consciousness which makes possible our knowledge of the discontinuous. For the *process* of change, the disconnected, is quite different from the *consciousness* of change,* the spiritual principle that makes us continuously aware of it. The

* See Green's able analysis, "The Prolegomena to Ethics." Bk. I, ch. I.

contrast may be stated in terms of that which is "determined from within," and that which is "determined from without," the self-caused change or activity of the soul; and the externally-caused change of which the soul is an observer. *

How the soul can preserve the same identity, cannot be fully answered, because the self is never wholly given as object. But that does not disprove identity, as some have thought. Like ultimate Being, we cannot grasp it all, yet we have evidence of both its identity and its unity. We are equally unable to account for the existence of variety amid unity, in the universe as a whole.

We have to accept the existence of contrasted and varied forces in one universe as a datum or gift of experience. We cannot look back of that experience to explain it. Yet such knowledge is conceivably possible to the Being whose experience it is. Likewise, identity of soul is conceivably possible, back of the endlessly changing, varied, and conflicting states of the soul.

As Lotze points out, † the same ignorance of reality everywhere besets us:

"We think we know what water is, what mercury is, and yet we can assign to neither constant properties belonging to it. Both at an average temperature are fluid, both at an elevated temperature gaseous, both at a low temperature solid; but, apart altogether from temperature, what are they? We do not know, we do not even need to know, since we perceive that nowhere in the universe can either of the two substances escape from the influence of those conditions. . . . All our definitions of real objects are hypothetical, and they never denote the thing but as that which, under different conditions, will appear under different characters. . . . Just as impossible as to tell how things look in the dark, is it to know what the soul is, before it enters on any of the situations in which alone its life unfolds."

The soul, then, is known only through what it does. It is not the object known, the feeling felt, nor the act per-

* Stout, "Analytic Psychology." Vol. 1, p. 147.

† "Microcosmos," I. Bk. 2, ch. 5.

formed; it is that which knows, feels, wills, and acts. As such, the soul can exist, even though we have no adequate idea of it. The fact that "introspection is really retrospection," that I cannot know a state until it has gone, serves to differentiate the insistent self that seeks to know, from its knowledge, from what it does. There is, therefore, never an identity of knowing and being. Experience ever is greater than knowledge.

To be sure, the soul is obliged to adapt itself to the conditions and needs of nature, *e. g.*, the body requires sleep. The soul adapts itself to these needs by originating habits of alternate labor and repose. The body becomes fatigued, and cannot work as well. The soul could will to keep it awake. But it permits itself to yield to drowsiness and ceases to send forth its activity. For it can at will (1) merely observe, or (2) play a part in the states it observes. Sleeping and waking thus become habits. Sleep is like concentration on one idea, except that the background fades, and there is no longer consciousness, because no ideas with which to compare the idea of sleep. But the soul is obviously of such power that its identity can persist through sleep, brain disease, etc., and once more command its full quota of consciousness and self-consciousness.

If now, you ask, where the soul is, one can only reply in Lotze's words, "a thing is where it acts." The soul becomes active when and where its deeds are done, when it perceives, thinks, chooses, wills, and exerts itself in directive effort.

But if we cannot grasp the soul's full essence, we can at least analyze its most fundamental form of manifestation. To this branch of our subject, namely, the will, we must devote the most careful attention; for on our conclusion depends the whole fate of the moral universe for which I am pleading.

The most noteworthy discovery, as the result of close observation of nature, is the reign of law. Events, both small and great, follow one another with such precision that we believe the law to be absolute and universal, that the effect is

the exact and necessary result of its cause. Causation through evolution thus becomes the thread which we follow in the endeavor to rationalize the world of nature, and it is easy to proceed from this to a general mechanical theory of the universe.

But this is not all. According to this mechanical theory, even the phenomena of mind are reduced to the mechanical type, moreover with much apparent plausibility. For, as we have noted above, there is abundant evidence that a large part of our mental states correspond to the reflex-action type. Stimuli are produced upon us, and we respond with the appropriate reaction, just as the eye closes when a threatening object is brought near it. Our reactions assume a higher form than this, to be sure, and character intervenes to select and reject. But character is the general product of inheritance plus our past reactions, and so surely determines our conduct that we can predict, oftentimes, what a man possessing a certain character will do under certain circumstances. Yea, more than this; what he does under these circumstances follows *necessarily* from what he is; he could have done nothing else. What he is, is what the past has made him, and so on back through eternity. He was foredoomed to act as he did, and we have upon our hands a purely fateful universe, a world of hard-and-fast predestination, of pure mechanics.

Let us now apply the philosopher's test, and ask if this theory really explains the universe, so that no part of our nature is left unsatisfied.

If this be a true account of life, how can life be said to have a meaning? How can life even be moral, if all our attempts to realize ideals be really the necessary results of what the past has made us? Why, indeed, should we try to act at all, if events are fated to occur anyway? Why not sit back in gloomy despair, in hopeless pessimism?

But when we try this, all joy is at once crushed out of life, the sole zest of which is found in our freedom to choose and act. We are where we started in the discussion of the doc-

trine of activity. There is no need of a soul at all. There is really no ego at all, unless there is the power of responsible action. And there certainly is no ground for responsible action, if there is absolute fate.

The doubt, therefore, arises, Can the mechanical view carry us so far? Can we really predict the highest activities either in one's self or in another? Is causality mere sequence, as Hume would have it, or is there real, purposive activity, even that which can interrupt and alter natural sequence, just as the apple is picked from the tree, instead of permitting it to fall by force of gravity? Evidences of such intervention are indeed most frequent, even cases where people have apparently hindered or hastened their death by an act of will. That mechanism itself is a "means created and used by will" becomes evident when we inquire into the origin of habit; for habits — for example, walking, talking — are simply mechanical repetitions of what was once consciously acquired through repeated acts of will, and efforts to imitate. Of course, a certain amount of involuntary activity would be needed to set one up in life. But this reflex, unconscious action is obviously the result of conscious or voluntary activity on the part of our ancestors, and the beings who originated habits, even as far back as the *amœba*. "All action of all living beings," says Professor Seth,* "was originally feeling-prompted. . . . What we call reflex action is everywhere a secondary product, a degraded form of purposive action." "Only, if so, is action in any sense an action of the creature itself." †

"But yesterday," says a recent writer, "the miracle of the world was *life*; today it is consciousness." That is, the psycho-physical theory of matter is very generally accepted; consciousness is coming to be regarded as the directive force of all evolution. "Consciousness," says Professor Cope,‡ "was coincident with the dawn of life. I think it possible to show," he continues, "that the true definition of life is *energy*

* "Man's Place in the Cosmos," p. 105.

† Ibid., p. 127.

‡ "The Factors of Organic Evolution."

directed by sensibility, or by a mechanism which has originated under the direction of sensibility"; that is, every action is primitively the result of mental effort arising in will.

That which seems to be a mechanical reaction proves upon inspection to be capable of analysis. On the one hand, we live in the world, mingle with our fellows, listen to their enticements, and feel the effects of their influence. On the other hand, we are conscious of desires, embracing all sorts of promptings, egoistic, altruistic, sensual, and spiritual. The will chooses its own amidst this vast array. There is, first, attention; then decision, or choice; then fiat, or effort, efficient self-exertion, or volition, the endeavor to realize the chosen ideal. Are we not conscious of all these distinct steps in the act of will, of the presence of an active principle within, coming forward to impress its decision upon the outer world? Is not the presence of alternatives, of conflicting desires, one of which we *must* choose, a fact which pursues us through every day of our lives? Is not the fact of responsibility so real, indeed, that we cannot get free from it, even if we would?

If so, man is, in some measure, free; life has a meaning, it is moral, there is really a self, and absolute or universal fatalism is false. The issue is sharp, absolute. One theory involves pessimism, a non-moral universe, the negation of personality, and of life's human meaning. The other implies optimism, a moral world, selfhood, a purposeful human life. And I shall try to enforce the point until it is perfectly clear, for upon it depends our entire discussion.

But the critic may argue that the universe chooses to have us do a certain work, allowing us to think we are free. To this I reply that if the universe is letting us think we are free when we are not, if freedom be an illusion, it is the worst possible fraud; it is immoral, it is the quintessence of pessimism. Freedom, therefore, must be real, it must be genuine liberty of the moral sense.

Yet how is freedom possible? the critic insists. Freedom, he contends, is uncaused self-determination, and implies the

independence of the chooser. In the world of fact, however, there is overwhelming evidence that man is related, or dependent, in every phase of his life. The Absolute alone is independent. God alone is free, and the existence of an absolute will prohibits plurality of finite wills.

What is the difficulty here? Evidently the trouble is with our theory of the Absolute: we have assumed too much. If the universe be deemed a solid whole, one all-complete, Absolute Being, fixed, perfect, and all-wise, there is obviously no ground either for freedom or individuality. It is perfectly clear, furthermore, that if there is but one self, and no finite moral beings, there is in reality no ethical life, no one to be responsible. If this be true, if, when we *seem* to be ethically responsible beings, we are not really such, we may as well at once give up all endeavor to be good.

But once admit the separate existence of free spirits, and, although you have abandoned your fixed whole, you have room for possibility, growth, novelty, morality. Which hypothesis do the facts of life render the more plausible? Obviously, the latter view. We find individual wills, we find ourselves existing apart: fact is better than theory. How we can exist in one universe we do not fully know. But the facts do not demand the existence of a fixed Absolute.

As I have argued elsewhere,* we can urge no reason for existence at all, except the possibility that each may contribute something new to the universe; otherwise the universe is simply a dreary mechanism, where everything is foreordained, and there is absolutely no ground for hope.

Some reader may still be inclined to accept this view, and to affirm, with the Oriental, that no purpose can be assigned to the universe, since that would imply imperfection on the part of the Absolute, and, consequently, that the universe arose through *maya*, or illusion, caprice, or meaningless play. To those who prefer this doctrine I have nothing to say. But to those who, instead of holding to such a view, are still in search of truth, I suggest what appeals to me as the far higher

*"In Search of a Soul," p. 177.

view of the Western world, the theory that life is rich in purpose, that it is moral, that action is of some consequence, and is capable of rationalization.

According to this doctrine, the chief problem is, What meaning has this particular fact in life, in reference to my activity, in reference to ethical responsibility? Wherein have I erred? how may I improve my conduct? But, according to the orthodox christian view, when, for example, an accident happens, people immediately say, "It is the will of God," or, "God has seen fit to send it upon us." One lady I knew, who met with a runaway accident, said that God threw her off the horse. The Austrian Emperor spoke of the assassination of his wife as "the bitter sorrow which the inscrutable decree of Providence has brought upon me."

Of course, if we assume that one Self does all things, that he is all-wise, and all his deeds are right and necessary, it follows that all events are in every respect right, they ought to have occurred, and it would have been wrong to prevent their occurrence. Common sense, however, says they resulted from natural causes; all possible means ought to be adopted to prevent them; it does not assume to know so much about God.

No one has yet shown reason for believing that God's decrees are invariably words of absolute fate. It is justifiable to hold the conception of a Being whose universe is furnished not only with laws, purposes, and actualities, but also with possibilities, with chances; a Being who gives rise to new events in the world of time, and meets novelties in his republic of individual souls.

Let us hear Professor James on this point: * "The notion that real contingency and ambiguity may be features of the real world is a perfectly unimpeachable hypothesis. Only in such a world can moral judgments have a claim to be." And again: † "If this life be not a real fight, in which something is eternally gained for the universe by success, it is no

* "The Will to Believe," p. 292.

† Ibid., p. 62.

better than a game of private theatricals, from which one may withdraw at will." "A world with a *chance* in it of being altogether good, even if the chance never come to pass, is better than a world with no such chance at all." *

It is just because there is a possibility that things may, in part, "go wrong," that evil may triumph, and unrighteousness prevail, that we have reason for being zealous in the pursuit of ethical ideals. If every soul were *fated* to be saved, and righteousness bound to triumph in any event, we could look on with unconcern at the selfishness and devilry of the world. But, fortunately, we have no assurance of this. So far as we know, all our efforts are needed, in order either to do right or be saved.

"Freedom to do right" is no freedom at all. I must have freedom to do wrong. If I am to be whipped into obedience, in case I do not choose the right, if right is to triumph any way, once more I am not free.

If, then, the universe involves real possibilities, and the chance of finite wrong-doing, I must awaken myself from the apathy which fatalism suggests. There is need to put ourselves through rigid discipline, in order to rid the mind of belief in fate. We talk about the "destiny" of things, of nations, of the world, of man, of the soul, as if only *one* outcome were possible. There is, indeed, system in things, and definite tendencies. But there are also counter tendencies, a thousand and one contingencies. "Things cohere, but the act of cohesion itself implies but few conditions, and leaves the rest of their qualifications indeterminate. As the first three notes of a tune comport many endings, all melodious, but the tune is not named till a particular ending has come,—so the parts actually known of the universe may comport many ideally possible complements." †

There are at least two possibilities, until one has actually become a fact. "The one becomes impossible only at the very moment when the other excludes it by becoming real

* "The Will to Believe," p. 178.

† Ibid, p. 270.

itself, [whereas determinism] professes that those parts of the universe already laid down, absolutely appoint and decree what the others shall be." *

At first thought, the term "chance" suggests the idea of uncertainty, as though we could not depend upon the universe. It seems like throwing away our faith. In reality, it is the strengthening of it; for it places responsibility upon man, which was once thrown upon God. If man is really free, if the universe is moral, the outlook is all the more secure. The very fact that morality holds the highest place, implies that the universe is a purposeful world-order, or system. The world is grounded in law, in beauty, in love. Yet its God so loves us and the world, that he gives us all the chances of experience; the chance to choose or reject the moral law. The interplay of chance is thus itself a moral law. Chance events are as truly law-governed as any others. For example, the smallest as well as the greatest physical accident happens because an efficient cause produced it, because of its relation to other events. It by no means implies interference with nature. Chance, indeed, is one of the factors of nature; she weaves accidental events into her fabric as readily as any other occurrence.

The utmost science can say of her exact laws is, if certain conditions occur, such results will follow. She gives no assurance that they *must* occur. The utmost we can say, even of our best-known friend, is, that he *may* act so and so, under given conditions. It is equally possible that he may do precisely the reverse. The "unexpected" is a factor in life, of which we must always take account. Common sense has long ago recognized this, and there would be no need of this long argument if our minds were not still steeped in ideas of fate, and threatened by Orientalism.

When we turn to actual life, there seems to be no difficulty in discovering the basis of freedom. People show by their conduct that they believe in chance, in freedom, for otherwise they would not try to act or accomplish. Conduct thus gives the lie to statements in which belief in fate is professed.

* "The Will to Believe," p. 150.

But we must first understand what finite freedom means. Sometimes we are free, sometimes we are not free. Freedom does not imply that we are at once to have precisely what we wish, for we are social beings, and have one another's rights to consider. We might wish for the moon, or to become old and wise in a day. To the little boy's question, "Can God make a three-year-old colt in a minute?" the father replied, "Yes, my son." "Then," said the boy, "it would not be three years old."

"The ultimate question of ethics," says Paul Carus, "is not what *we desire*, but what is *desired of us*." Freedom means liberty to choose between two or more alternatives, not created by us, but given by our moral consciousness; it grows with the evolution of social opportunity, as Prof. Commons points out in this issue of *The Arena*. Life becomes ethical when we choose, with a moral end in view, when we become duly considerate, then act morally.

There is still purpose for the universe, perhaps a definite design for each of us. The teleological view of life is in no way affected by the admission of chance as one of its factors. But the particular ideal for each of us does not become real until we have not only chosen, but actualized it, in consciously directed life. We still believe that an Immanent Spirit works through us, but that it accomplishes its ends only so far as we voluntarily co-operate. Thus far the Spirit is dependent on us. He is absolute only through us, through our freedom and co-operation. There is no evidence that we are forced to grow. Tendencies are planted within us. Moral and spiritual opportunities are placed before us. But we may take or reject them. The Spirit comes to inspire and uplift, but it enters only where it finds willing receptivity. We grow only so far as we become conscious of these quickening tendencies, and gladly choose them.

"In the life of ethical endeavor is the end and secret of the universe to be found," says Professor Seth. One who accepts the ethical view of life not only believes, but *wills*, that morals shall triumph. For him, virtue, the right, the

pure, is the central interest, as truth is for the truth-seeker. He, therefore, believes that for the universe, also, righteousness is the central ideal, or goal. For the universe, viewed as a collection of forces, has no unity. Unity is that which a directive purpose alone can give — an "end-in-itself," as Kant called it, an end of absolute ethical value. Thus viewed, life may truly be said to have a meaning. It at least enjoys the possibility of becoming ethically perfected through our united wills to make it so.

Behind all tendencies, motives, alternatives, ideals, we find the will, or that in us which enables us to throw the balance of power in favor of one alternative or another. I repeat, a thousand ideas may pass through consciousness unimpeded, until the will casts the die which stamps an idea as the work of the individual, and makes it dynamic. What we select is quite apt to be that which is of greatest interest for us, that which our temperament likes. We will what we like. What the past has made us, of course, goes into the count, what we are as characters, as distinct, finite beings. But that is what it is, largely, because of the shape the will gave it in the past, it takes a new form, because of new volition.

It is not, therefore, necessary to consider whether there be an alternative between the doctrines of fatalism and libertarianism. There has been an attempt to develop such a doctrine, under the name of determinism; that is, our acts are determined, not from without, but wholly from within. "Nothing determines the acts of the soul except the soul and its preceding states." But these preceding states must arise from free acts of will, in order to be ethical. They are determined by the undetermined, by that which is subject to chance or alternatives, or there is no moral life. We are really concerned with the choice, or will, not with the conditions which superficially determine the nature of our deed. Even critical experiences, such as those where one personality is dominated by another, are traceable to acts of choice or will; for close analysis leads one to recall the time when the matter came up for settlement, "Shall I do this or that?" and one

cast the wrong die. Thus it is that the will makes us, for better or worse, so far as we are responsible at all. Thus it is that we are brought face to face with tremendous responsibility or a great opportunity, as we may chance to believe — of deeming life a burden, or a sphere where the will to do right shall create a heaven of earth, by wise determination of our conditions.

Because the will is free, it is impossible to say why it chooses this or that alternative. We may find reasons for the choice — after we have made it. But that does not exhaust the fact of choice. The fact that it was a choice shows it to have been pure matter of chance, until the deed was done.

One can neither prove freedom, nor disprove it. Yet its presence alone gives fullest reason to life. In the language of Kant, it is "a postulate of the practical reason." According to Kant, also, the will is that alone which is good in itself. Here, by virtue of its independence, it is on a par with Ultimate Being, the sacred indescribable, the heart of the mystery of life.

But, exclaims the critic at last, if free will is the condition of moral existence in a republic of individual souls belonging to God, it must have some relation to other egos, and the universe. This may well be, and yet not affect our argument, which asks for no more than the chance to accept or reject moral obligation to society, and the individual ideal offered us through our relation to God.

On this point Professor Royce says : *

"Every finite moral individual is precisely as real and as self-conscious as the moral order requires him to be. As such, every finite, moral, and self-conscious individual is unique, and, in his own measure, free, since there is an aspect of his nature such that nothing in all the universe of the Absolute, except his own choice, determines him to be what he is, and since no other finite individual could take his place, share his self-consciousness, or accomplish his ideal, because only in so far as he has an ideal

* "The Conception of God," pp. 272, 273.

is he a person at all. . . . The uniqueness of the Absolute Individual . . . hinders in no whit the included variety, the relative freedom, the relative separateness, of the finite moral individuals, who, in their own grade of reality, are as independent of one another, in their freedom of choice, but also as dependent on one another, in the interlinked contents of their lives, as the moral order requires."

Thus, from the point of view of our discussion, we return each time to the supremacy of the moral ideal. Our world is a world of possibility, therefore the realm of hope. There is every reason to act on the supposition that we are free, until freedom be proved impossible; every reason why life has a meaning, so long as we find ourselves living individually at all. Hope, freedom, activity, morality, and selfhood stand or fall together. We have cast our vote in favor of a life with a meaning, because to deny it would be like affirming the negation of the mind itself. Chance steps in where logic fears to tread, and wins for the heart its freedom, and for righteousness the joy of life. Life has a meaning, since man acts. He acts, both because he is responsible and because he is a living soul. He is responsible because he is a moral being; he is a moral being because the universe needs him, and the universe needs him because he is free. Thus the steps of our argument form the links of an endless chain. What meaning these links have for the demands of practical experience we shall consider in discussions that follow. But for the present we have marked out the limits of our inquiry.

What other meanings life may have, only the ultimate Being could know. We are no longer assuming to speak for God. Philosophy must be human, or the philosophic task is impossible. If life has a meaning, that meaning must bear some relation to man. If life is rational, this relation is intelligible. If intelligible, it leaves him something to solve, some reason to think and act. Therefore any further meaning would be traceable to this central fact of human life, the fact that man acts.

The problem of life, therefore, is, What is the universe in

relation to our activity? What are the implications of human action? From this starting-point alone may the outer world be accurately described. From this point of view we have the only logical approach to God. But that this point of view means an entire reformation in our terminology, in our approach to the problems of life, is equally clear. For, instead of assuming to speak for God, to define and publish his decrees, and describe his nature, we begin to think at last from the point of view of the relative — in reality our only point of view. It is still a laudable endeavor to consider how God acts, but also to ask, How is God's activity received and known by man? With an Absolute who decrees all things, we have simply nothing to do. We do not know that there is an Absolute; only the Absolute itself could know. We do not know what perfection is; experience alone can tell us. If the universe owns chances, if it possesses the possibility of novelty, of undetermined, finite action; if God is in any measure dependent on us, there is no fixedly, immutable Absolute, no monotonously established perfection. God is at most only the sum total of present development. With the God who thus lives and achieves we are alone concerned. We are concerned with the universe of evolution, the world of present possibility, the march of events as related to the human will. From this starting-point we construct our philosophy; from the center we face the world of the future. Life has a meaning which the finite may know, a meaning which, when understood by man, and adopted, shall perfect the universe of God.

HORATIO W. DRESSER.

Boston.

WOMAN'S LIFE IN UTAH.

ACCORDING to the immortal St. Paul, "Things seen are greater than things heard of." And he might have added that personal experiences are the most convincing of them all.

The recent discussion over the election of a polygamist to the national congress, from the state of Utah, makes some statement of facts at first hand concerning woman's life under the polygamous system of the Mormon Church, of particular interest to those who really care to know what is involved in that system, and its recognition by the Federal government.

No Mormon woman will talk, from her heart, to a stranger; notably and essentially when that person is a Gentile (in Mormondom, everyone who is not a Mormon is a Gentile), for she knows by sad experience that this would but increase her sufferings. Of all the sacrifices that have ever been exacted of the single, loving heart of true wife and mother, in the name of religion, none can equal those of polygamy, which these women were taught would be practised through all eternity, as it was "the celestial order of heaven," an eternal law. Under its baneful influence a wife lived in the same house with her husband, surrounded by their children, a lonely, disconsolate woman. The confidence and respect that should have united their hearts, made one their interests, is first defiled, and then destroyed. She early learns to be silent and observing. After their evening meal, if she sees her husband make as careful and elaborate a toilet as their circumstances permit, she dares not ask him where he is going. But that fear that ever abides in the heart of every Mormon wife, eats, canker-like, at her vitality.

She may try to drive these thoughts away; she may say to herself, "No, whatever other men may do, however they may deceive their wives, my husband will be honest and true. He will not deceive me." Up almost to the hour that she is

expected to go to the "Endowment House" and place the hand of the second wife in that of her husband, she gives her hungry soul this soothing balm. But, ultimately, she must awaken to the fact that no man can practise polyamy without becoming a hypocrite. Many of these women believe, or try to believe, that polygamy is a revelation from God, and consequently must be obeyed. But if any Gentile woman will try to think how she would feel if her husband were to tell her that he is soon to bring into their home a second wife, to usurp her place in the family circle, share her husband's affections, come between her and the man who had been her all in all for so many years, that woman will have arrived at a full, perfect, exact comprehension of what a Mormon wife suffers. And no religion, even if carried to fanaticism, can save her from this natural womanly grief. She hates and curses the whole system; she hates herself and her husband; she loathes the very sound of the word polygamy; she distrusts every woman that she sees her husband talking to; she would like to purge herself, body and soul, from the taint of the very air of a spot of earth that grows such noxious poison.

While the Mormons have always claimed that polygamy was only recommended, but never commanded, by the church, during the absolute reign of Brigham Young it was practically commanded. According to the "Divine Revelation of Polygamy" to Joseph Smith, no unmarried woman could enter the kingdom of heaven; she could only be saved through her husband. The first wife, in the celestial kingdom, would be the "queen"; all the others stood somewhat in the relation of ladies of honor in this celestial palace. As polygamy was represented to be a divine revelation, it goes without saying that every man was supposed to "live up to his privileges." He alone could secure to the woman eternal happiness. He could not, therefore, if he made any pretensions to being a good and consistent Mormon, disobey "counsel" when he was "recommended" to sustain his brethren in their practice of polygamy. He must carry out the commands of God, no

matter what his own feelings were. Although a woman could not go to heaven unless she was married, there was in this matter a sort of extreme unction allowed by the church. For instance, if a young girl knew that she must soon die, she could get a "Sister in Zion" to promise that she (the sister) would go to the Endowment House with her husband, and there be married to him a second time, this second marriage going to the account of the dead. It is certain that this marrying for the dead gave the wife less pain than any other form in which polygamy was practised. If, upon the first occasion when a man in Utah was married, he took unto himself only one wife, that woman, no matter how old and ugly, always ranked above those espoused at a later date. Not in her husband's affections; in that matter the last married always had the best of it, although her reign was not less precarious than that of her predecessor. But the first wife was the head of his household in this world, as she would be his "queen" in the next. It was not an unusual thing for a zealous advocate of polygamy to attempt to soothe the feelings of two or three women, and put them on an equality, by marrying all of them at the same time. But a man can no more serve two masters than he can marry two women and treat both with impartial affection and respect.

In polygamy there are "proxy" wives, "spiritual" wives: wives who are married for time and eternity, others that are married only for time, but not for eternity, as well as women who are "sealed" for eternity to a man, but who occupy in no way the position of a wife in this world to the man to whom they are sealed. A marriage that has not been solemnized in the Endowment House is not considered binding by the saints. If a woman had loved, married, and buried a husband before she came into the Church of Latter Day Saints; if her memory lingered fondly on the devotion of this dead husband, and she wished to be his in eternity, she could stipulate with the Mormon who sought to marry her, that she would become his proxy wife. That is to say, she would marry him, be his good and faithful wife in this world, but in

heaven both she and all her children must be passed over to the credit of the dead husband. If the man was greatly enamored of the woman, he would consent to this proxy arrangement. If he grew to love her more, he not infrequently urged her with all the earnestness of his passion for her, to desert the dead man, and to become his for eternity as well as for time. There are two kinds of "spiritual" wives. If a woman is old, by no means attractive in person, but has a handsome property that needs looking after, one of the good elders in the church will most likely propose to her that she become his spiritual wife. This will give him the privilege of serving her by protecting her financial interests in this world. In return for this favor she can add to the glory of his "godhead" by being numbered among his wives in heaven. A man's social importance in the world to come is of course fixed by the way he has lived up to the privileges of his religion in this life. And by no means least among the privileges of this religion is reckoned his willingness to sacrifice his own feelings in building up the kingdom by entering into polygamy.

The other "spiritual" wife may be a woman who is married already, but who may not deem her husband's standing in the church of enough importance to "exalt her" to the place she would like to occupy in heaven. In this emergency, she quietly has herself "sealed" to some of the high dignitaries of the church, and she will become one of his court in heaven. She is his "spiritual" wife, and will fulfil all the function of a wife to him there. Brigham Young was sealed to women all over Utah, and the other officers of the church did the same thing, but on a scale less extensive, thus giving honor, even in this matter, to the man whom they for so many years so blindly obeyed.

A feature of the Mormon religion that is seldom spoken of by one of the saints is, their claim that the marriage at Cana was really the nuptials of Jesus, and that at this time he espoused both Mary and Martha, the two sisters of Lazarus; that he lived in polygamous relations with both these

women while on earth ; and that both are now his wives in heaven, and not these two, merely, but also many others.

A Mormon's first wife frequently speaks in a disdainful way of her husband's proxy wives as "fixin's," intending thereby to express the idea that they are simply a bit of temporary tapestry, gilding, or the like, for this world, but that in reality for all the eternal years of the next life they do not count.

The fact that in the Endowment House a first wife is expected to give the subsequent wives to her husband, and to say that she is willing to do so, denotes no more willingness than is signified by obedience to any inevitable condition. The officiating magistrate says, "Are you willing to give this woman to your husband, to be his lawful wife for time and for all eternity ? If you are, you will signify it by placing her right hand within the right hand of your husband." Of course this is done. So does an officer in the domain of the Tsar of all the Russias resign his position at the slightest intimation that such an act will be acceptable to his imperial master. The officer may, many times, be more than glad that he escapes with his life ; while the poor woman, seeing all her happiness gone forever, would prefer to lose her life, were it not for that strongest tie that nature forges—a mother's love and a mother's duty. The mask must be worn in more ways than one. It is galling to a woman's feelings to have it known that she considers herself set aside for another ; consequently some of the Mormon women seemingly extend a cordial welcome to the new wife, and smile while the world looks on. Another reason that is by no means to be despised is that a man who has several wives is not apt to remain with a scolding, weeping woman, when he can go where he will be petted, flattered, smiled upon. Where he goes most often, the provisions for creature comforts are apt to be most generously bestowed. It is thus for the interest of the first wife, and also for the best good of her children, that she refrain from outward demonstration of bitter rebellion against the fiat of her religion.

While the second wife reigns, that is to say until the husband takes a third, no real love exists between the first and the second, and seldom much pretense. But when the third comes on the scene, the sisterhood of a mutual grief not infrequently draws these two deserted women together in a real bond of love. They then combine their efforts to secure a fourth wife for their mutual husband, so giving the third a taste of the medicine that each of them has been obliged in turn to swallow. By this time, the matter of taking wives comes to be a sort of a business venture with the husband. And, not exactly ignoring his passions and his tastes, he yet has an eye to the future usefulness and adaptability to the conditions that already exist in his households, in the woman whose entry into the kingdom of heaven he assumes the responsibility of. If he already has a wife who is skilful with her needle, can make her own and her children's clothes well and tastefully, but who detests housework, he sees to it that the incoming wife takes to housekeeping affairs.

It is probable that the crowning virtue of the Mormon people is their industry. And, in passing, it is well to say that these people have many good qualities; probably just as many as would be found in an average collection of any other representative religion, where the converts were culled from the same walks of life. Each Mormon wife is supposed to, and generally does, bear her full proportion of the necessary and natural work of the household. If the husband is not a rich man, the women sometimes keep a boarding-house, doing all the work themselves. Or they run a dressmaking or millinery establishment.

But polygamy, as great a blot upon the Mormon faith as it is, is not the most objectionable of the many tenets of their creed. In the infancy of the church, the Mormons came into trouble with the United States authorities on account of the introduction of polygamy and other objectionable features. To forgive and forget, is a precept more often found in books than in the heart of man. The trials of those early days were sour grapes to the fathers, and the

children's teeth are on edge to this day. No Mormon is a loyal citizen of the United States. When he goes through the ceremonies that endow him with the rights and privileges of the "Brotherhood of Latter Day Saints of Jesus Christ," the very first words he hears uttered as he is admitted into the Endowment House are :

You do by entering here solemnly covenant not to reveal the secrets of this Endowment House. If you do forfeit this solemn oath your memories will be blighted, and you will be damned eternally.

The man is here given a grip that enables him to identify himself as a brother in Zion. And the penalty for revealing this grip is cutting the throat from ear to ear, and having the tongue torn from the mouth. This grip is called the first grip of the Aaronic or Lesser Priesthood. For revealing the second grip of this priesthood, the heart shall be torn asunder, and its parts cast to the beasts of prey. In any Mormon hymn book can be found :

That thy dimensions shall be torn
Asunder piece by piece,
And each dismembered fragment borne
To feed the hungry beasts.

Right here it might be well to mention that all through these hymn books can be found indisputable evidence of the fancied or real wrongs that they store up against the government of the United States.

By the spirit and wisdom of Joseph,
Whose blood stains the honor of state,
Remember the wrongs of Missouri,
Forget not the fate of Nauvoo.

Another pledge is :

You do solemnly swear to avenge the death of our martyred prophet, Joseph Smith, together with that of his brother Hiram, on these United States, and that you will teach your children, and your children's children, to do so.

Thus do they become members of a secret society in which

they swear to obey the laws of the Mormon Church in preference to those of the United States, and where blood atonement is justified by the necessity of purifying Zion.

The Gentile population is ready to accept the statement that these things are utterly false, invented by sensation-loving reporters or disgruntled Mormons. But anyone who ever lived for any great length of time in Utah when it was a territory, knows only too well that the Gentiles found it to their interest not to criticize too adversely the autocracy of Brigham Young. Dr. Robinson would not be "counseled" to refrain from censure. One beautiful moonlight night a man came to his house and told him that a man had been kicked by a mule "down on the state road," and that his leg was broken. He was suffering the greatest agony, needed the services of a surgeon; would the doctor not come to his relief? Mrs. Robinson pleaded with her husband not to go. He laughed at her fears, and went. One block from his house he was assassinated by a blow on the head with some dull instrument, and a shot from a pistol. His murderer was never apprehended.

Bishop Philip Kingler Smith, whose testimony went far toward convicting John D. Lee for leading the Mountain-Meadow massacre, knew well that he was doomed to be a victim of "Blood Atonement." He said so at the time. His words were, "I know I am to be cut off. No matter how long the hour is delayed by my care, there will come a day when I am off my guard, and that day will be taken advantage of." Sure enough, seven years after the execution of Lee (on the very spot of that dreadful massacre at the Mountain Meadows, that had happened just exactly twenty years before), Bishop Smith was found in a prospect hole in Arizona, with his throat cut from ear to ear. The Danites had found him and had fulfilled their mission.

It is well known that the emigrant train that was surrounded and murdered in cold blood at the Mountain Meadows was wealthy, and it is generally supposed that greed was the motive for the crime. Not so! It was revenge for what these

emigrants doubtless thought an innocent joke. They had been in the neighborhood of Salt Lake City for a number of days, and were ready to start on their journey. Among their other possessions was a magnificent blooded bull. The emigrants stripped up bright-colored calico, and festooned these sham ribbons from horn to horn of the bull, wove garlands of leaves and flowers, and dressed him up with them. They then crudely printed on a cardboard, "BRIGHAM YOUNG," and marched the bull through the streets of Salt Lake City. For this joke, coarse, it is true, but harmless, one hundred and twenty people suffered the penalty of death.

But this was long ago, you say, and all these things are changed; the Mormons are now a law-abiding loyal people. Yes, it was long ago, and things are surely changed to some extent. They were a long way off in those days, these Mormons. There was no communication by rail; our country was, a part of the time, in the throes of civil war, and consequently had to attend to even more important things than avenging the Mountain-Meadow massacre. Nor is there the slightest wish to insinuate that these acts were approved by the larger and better portion of the Mormon people. One man was king, and a monarch with absolute power. All history will confirm the statement that a man must have the best of material in him if unlimited power does not corrupt him, make a tyrant of him.

The spirit of polygamy is not dead. It is pretty hard to make a woman see the justice of setting her aside, stamping her children as bastards, when she took her marriage vows in perfect sincerity. And the father? Grant if you will that his experience as a polygamist has convinced him that the doctrine is not of God, and is not for the good of those who enter it, not even for their happiness. You can set aside the marriage of the Endowment House, call it illegal, forbid the man from intercourse with his polygamous wives. But can you set aside the children? Can it ever be said that these innocent ones are not to be pitied? Surely not. And this, which everyone will grant, is the reason that Mormon women

cling to the fraction of a husband, no matter how unhappy they were in polygamy. With the third or fourth generation after polygamy's end, and the injustice which is one of the cruel necessities of an attempt to better the condition of Mormon women will have ceased to operate directly upon their daily lives, the old errors in their creed will pass away, and the Mormon people will be a sect of the Protestant Church, not differing materially from any other, and will come to love their native land, or the land of their adoption. But until time has wrought this change we must wait and do the best we can for them.

RUTH EVERETT.

New York.

THE JANIZARIES OF PLUTOCRACY.

WHEN the waxing crescent of the Orient threatened to put out the eyes of Europe, as the full moon blinds a sleeper on the Nile, Orchan's keen wisdom edged the Koran with alien swords. Of young slaves he organized those Janizaries, whose flame and steel startled Vienna. And the Turk's subsequent delight in devastation was nearly as intense as a trust's anticipative joy in spoliation, for the Emir had economized Islam's blood by using Christian blades in cutting Christian throats. Since that hour, generations have come and gone. These magnificent foes of Hunyadi and of Sobieski have passed to the paradise of the prophet, where, in brocades or in green silks, and adorned with bracelets of silver, they drink their cups of wine mixed with the waters of Cafur, as they recline on couches adorned with gold and precious stones, in gardens of delight, beneath low-spreading boughs heavy with fruit, and are ministered unto by youths forever in their bloom, while their companions are beauteous virgins having large black eyes with which they refrain from beholding any other than their spouses. And

the mosque of Saint Sophia beholds the Moslem Empire contracting century after century in the grip of Russia.

But the principle has survived.

Too valuable to be buried in Stamboul, the golden rule of Orchan has been borrowed by those viziers of the new Ottoman realm, our capitalists, who, taking the shrewdest of their slaves, the workingmen, have made of them industrial Janizaries, and smile as non-union labor knives organized toil. Does organized toil retaliate? Human flesh and blood is profane; property alone is sacred. Hark on the police! Unleash the militia! Loose the Pinkertons! Set on the marshals and their deputies! Out with the army of the United States! It is done—and the poor fellows who have struck for living wages find the freedom of the grave. But who has slaughtered them? Their brethren: for both killers and the killed have come from the common people.

And yet our thrifty mechanics in Wall street and our overworked accumulators across the way in Jersey are anxious, notwithstanding their support by these visible creatures of their unseen creation. Hear the bitter plaint of these plutocrats! "The police are too few. Rioters kill our Pinkertons, those mediæval free-lances who joust for wealth in the modern social war. The militia shed blood too sparingly, and can not be sent outside the limits of their state. Though our marshals and their deputies are Federal bulldogs, mad with the murderous hydrophobia of judicial despotism, they are a mob against a mob. Our country is so large, its army is too small." Let us pity the sorrows of these poor old men.

These Pharisees, "who have devoured the houses of widows, and built the tombs of the prophets, and garnished the sepulchres of the righteous," have good reason to fear that the ominous silence which surrounds them holds an approaching typhoon. They hear the whispered word: revolution! Such an upheaval would mean their ruin; for it would bode the return of justice upon earth; and what could *they* claim, were toil, instead of trickery, to measure humanity's wages? Let us touch the bosoms of these Calibans with the staff of

Prospero, and disclose the thoughts born of this apprehension. Would they not reveal themselves in words to this effect?

"The rabble must not be allowed to rise against *us*, the the respectability of this Nation, ordained of God to govern for our profit and their loss, according to the Gospel of St. Barabbas, where Heaven's first law is: the inequality of man. But how shall we prevent it? The courage of the masses, though sleeping, wakes our cowardice: for they are many, while we are few; and having nothing, they fear to live, while, having everything, we are afraid to die. Were those masses once aroused, all the pure patriots of our supreme court (where Fuller improves as much on Waite as Shiras outshines Marshall) could not save us. Congress would belong to us no more, and theft would cease to be called taxation. Presidents could be bought by no percentages on future bonds, and bridled by no hypothecations of past-due notes. And the parable, which we have changed to suit changed times and places, would suddenly be translated in the old fashion by some new Joseph, so that the fat kine would devour the lean kine no longer in the land. We must temporarily lay aside trade, then, to take up business. For this purpose, let us pause in grinding Leiter with his own wheat, and stop for a time that game of freeze-out which has made railways and other public swindles so profitable to us, their refrigerators. Unfortunately, we have a moment's leisure in the ardent task of loving our country—for a consideration—now that untimely peace is about to end our fat contracts for lean food, our rich jobs in poor coal, our maximum compensation for minimum transportation, and our extraordinary over-valuations of very ordinary vessels. Might makes right!

"The ungrateful laboring classes, to whom we have never grudged a minimum of bread and a maximum of water (provided they pay the prescribed tolls to the seller and to the city) are organizing, although it is contrary to the law for any combination other than one of capitalists to be formed. Have not our Dogberries so decided? Is it not so written in the

Book of Judges? For our Federal Courts held the strike of the American Railway Union to be a conspiracy. They enjoined Debs the Demagogue from writing, telegraphing, or otherwise appealing to our slaves, and jailed him for contempt of their ukase, bidding him hold up his hands. The American Railway Union was composed of the sons of sweat. But the General Managers' Association was made up of men who had never known perspiration except by proxy. Representing the twenty railroads of Chicago, earning over three hundred and twenty-four million dollars a year on a capitalization of about two billion dollars! The entire twenty-four members moving as one man! (Not a low baker's dozen, you will perceive, but two high banker's dozen!) None of these eminent citizens were indicted by any grand jury, after a brief session, at the instance of any whippersnapper of an United States attorney. But these hardheaded industrialists, who envy us our purple and fine linen (although they have paid for them, while we only wear them) are not intimidated by the decisions of our conscientious creatures on the bench. They would make *us* toil, too, which would tire our backs and blister our hands. To sustain the preposterous idea: wealth to the workers who create it—they are forming unions which, no longer hostile to each other and at peace with us, are at peace with each other and united in hostility to us. They are ably led. They are accumulating funds. They are purchasing arms, which the absurd Constitution prevents us from wresting from them; and, though our obedient Governors have prohibited them from public drill, their private halls are as yet free from invasion by our minions. Once disciplined, armed, united, they will blow death from their guns to every hireling who opposes their triumphant march to freedom. And against them, no longer separated by our wiles, what are police, militia, Pinkertons, marshals, or even our present army?

"Might makes right, and wealth is might! Through it we own the three branches of the government: the legislative, the executive, and the judicial. A bill shall pass and be

approved, increasing the standing army of this Republic. The courts shall sanction it. The poor shall be its privates, but we will officer it. If citizens fail to fill it, we will enlist aliens, to whom the difference between autocracy and plutocracy is simply a difference in pay and rations. Indeed, these will suit better; for free men are not stuff fit for our purposes. In this army there must be discipline, which means: unquestioning obedience with no excuse for non-performance except physical impossibility. Are our commands illegal? He who refuses to execute them must prove them such *beyond the shadow of a doubt!* What ignorant and friendless private would dare undertake the risk? But, were he to go before the civil tribunals, perhaps the enlisted man might find some generous soul, learned in the law and a lover of his country, to champion the oppressed for freedom's sake alone, rather than the oppressor for the sake of his retainer. We will blot out this chance. This army shall be governed by articles of war, regulations, orders, and unwritten usages, and these shall be applied by courts-martial made up of officers, irresponsible to the civil authorities, and answerable to their military superiors alone. Under this feudal system, we will seat an aristocracy of rank on the neck of the democracy of the ranks; and the rider shall so blind the eyes of the warhorse, and so guide his tremendous and irresistible course, that the blood of his own foals shall redden the hoofs of the on-rushing stallion. Might makes right!

"This army shall be our might. With it we will annihilate the unions; we will slaughter their leaders; and then we will fix wages according to our whim. Does this cost millions? They shall come, not from our oil, sugar, iron, or interest on bonds, but from the substance which we will sweat from the shilling of honest toil, as we apply the rule: government exists for the protection of the few, but its expenses are met by the spoliation of the many. Let us practise the stratagem of Orchan, that we may laugh like Orchan!"

But such a conspiracy must be cloaked by some plausible pretext of the public good. It would never do to let it be

understood that this standing army is to serve as the thugs of a new Bowhani in strangling, struggling labor. For, in that event, labor would probably crush plutocracy before its hedge of bayonets had become full-grown. The working people love their native land. On a thousand battlefields they have poured out for this Republic, the sacred oblation of their blood, dying without a murmur for the principles illustrated by the stars which shine upon the flag of freedom. They have given their lives, while the rich were lending their money to the Union. This is the chord for the plutocrat to strike. Let him play the patriot's part, until the tyrant's rôle is ready. Honest themselves, the toiling soldiers of industry will be loath to believe that their captain, the capitalist, is a traitor. This, too, notwithstanding their sad experience in the past. He need only be smooth of speech, then, until he has his army ready, with complaisant Cæsar in the White House, forgetful of the dagger of Brutus, and, therefore, not averse to ceasing to be the servant of the people in order to become their master.

The plutocrat has his cue. And so now we learn that the United States are in danger. Who says so? The metropolitan press, which crushes beneath its newspaper trains those country sheets, once molding public opinion on lines of public welfare instead of private gain. How does the metropolitan press come to proclaim this danger? Millionaires own each daily's stock, direct its thought, and rent at so much a month its editor's trick of expression. Do his views conflict with the "interests of his employers?" If those views go into the journal, he goes out of its office. And so their masters nod, and the sweating scribes shout aloud for a standing army. The country is in danger. "Our best business interests" (to wit: those employers who wish to rule the lines of their pay-rolls by the rifle barrels of the army; and those contractors who would fatten on increased military jobs) are unanimous in this opinion. Give us more regulars, even though we have to purchase this priceless boon by allowing their officers to insult the sweet-

hearts of our workingmen in good Berlin or Vienna style, and thereafter to run their swords through those workingmen who, by protesting, have insulted the honor of our gentlemen at arms! True, this is not as yet the vogue among us; but perhaps the fashion can be imported, as, to say nothing of other European pests and nuisances, the cabbage-worm came to us from abroad.

But what is this danger, which ought to silence all opposition, and make of each opponent a traitor to our institutions? A demand for accurate specifications embarrasses the plutocrat, who is less familiar with argument than command. But finally an outline is forthcoming. We are about to enter upon a period of colonial expansion. Porto Rico and the Philippines must be ours. An American protectorate will cover the Pearl of the Antilles. We shall save from anarchy the degenerate millions on these islands, if we have to stab them to death in vaccinating them with our healing civilization. Under certain contingencies will the Cubans burn powder against us, instead of boiling sugar for us? Are the Filipinos preparing for us red pepper as their "philopena" for the capture of Manila? This base ingratitude, which might cost us a lucrative East Indian commerce and rich West Indian trade must be put down. To put it down, we need a vast military force: to serve in part abroad, as armies of occupation in those, our provinces; and in part at home, as armies of defense in these, our satrapies. (For such are now the states.) Defence from what? Oh! . . . Kamtchatka might annex us on some day when Bering's Sea is frozen over. Then, too, suppose that the Chinese dragon should escape from the sacred coop of the Mandarins and should pounce down upon those timid doves, our trusts? Besides, Canada and Mexico are so near that already capitalists have their cat-naps rudely interrupted by the arousing apprehension of invasion! And, on the honor of an honorable man (for, "so are they all, all honorable men") these public reasons are the only spring which moves them!

The pretended fear of an invasion is too ridiculous to talk

about. But there can be no doubt the Republic is about to break the tomb of Lazarus, and to bid the dead body of territorial expansion: "Arise and come forth!" Unless this administration be prepared to hear the execration of every genuine American, it will not strike our colors from any flagstaff where now they are wooing heaven. No inch of conquered soil will be surrendered. No! Not for all the teeth and claws of allied Europe. And possession means armies of occupation. But why not regiments of volunteers, instead of battalions of regulars? Who were the indomitable Continentals, whose black bullets pierced scarlet jackets? Who wrote the words "New Orleans" on the standard of their country? Whose hands planted our ensign over the frowning fortifications of Mexico? Who dyed blue and gray to crimson in the blood of the brave and bravest of the warring North and South? At every hour, at every call of duty, what men have drawn, through smoke and flame, and shot and shell, and steel, closer than our volunteers to the side of everlasting glory?

Let the newspapers magnify their faults and minimize their virtues. We know the newspapers, and we know their owners. Let those owners thunder that it takes time to make seasoned soldiers. We feel no chill of apprehension, no fever of anticipation. Let the professional soldier criticize their poor training, instruction, and equipment, and sneeringly rendezvous them at Valley Forge. Is not the volunteer his rival in the field of possible promotion? and, if so, who estimates a rival by his rival's estimate? Our nerves are still serene. Precisely because the volunteer *is* the citizen-soldier, we are proud of him and love him. At home, we know that he will not fill the breasts of unarmed men with lead and steel, when those men are only seeking, by legitimate agitation, to wring living wages from the grasping fists of heartless plutocrats. With him, the arbitrary order of a superior does not outweigh the law. He is no eunuch, but a man; no Asiatic, but an American; no free-lance of fortune, but the most splendid soldier for principle on this earth.

Abroad, he will so perform the duties which will have devolved upon our forces, that criticism will find no cause for a complaint. This occupation will not be of long duration; for the teeming millions of a people which has acquired and populated an empire in less than one hundred years, will speedily submerge our conquests in the broad and resistless stream of its enterprising citizenship. Only a few years, and the Americans in the Indies will so outnumber all others, that Porto Rico or Luzon will no more need an army of occupation than will New York or Massachusetts.

It may be possible that the plot of the plutocrat will succeed. He has long desired to subvert our government for one which will not make him feel that he is a liar, hypocrite, and thief every time that he buys an election for hand-me-down legislation. He has no patience with demagogues like Jefferson, whose doctrine he detests. Men are *not* equal. They are *not* born free. The pursuit of happiness does *not* lead them to the factory, where he is the autocrat whose word is law. Force must rule, and wealth is energy translated into force. It can best accomplish the subversion of the substance by seeming to preserve the form of our institutions. We have the regular military establishment now. Let us increase it. This may be done so gradually as to alarm no patriot's suspicion; and thus the army shall rise, that the Republic may fall! Can the plutocrat carry out this crime? He *will*, unless the masses comprehend his purpose, and meet his plan, as the minute-men met the crisis of the Revolution. But he shall not do the deed in the name of patriotism, or under the mask of love of country. Our native land may be doomed, but she shall not die beneath the kiss of Judas. If she must lay down the scales of justice to judge the cause of humanity no more, she has one son who will not see his mother fall, without at least one blow struck as men strike who were not born beneath the shadow of a tyrant. The Volunteer may not win as did Timoleon, but he can lose like Cato. Preferring the liberty of death to the slavery of life, but finding that freedom in the strife of arms

rather than in the stillness of suicide, he yet may claim, when the gallant struggle has been ended, the proud glory of sharing with that Stoic the lofty title found in those few words: "The only free and undefeated man, with whom died the Republic."

FRANK E. ANDERSON.

Alexandria, Va.

WORKERS AT WORK.

II. FAY MILLS IN THE FORUM.

IT seems altogether appropriate that the "modern Athens" should be the scene of a revival of that classic institution, the forum. Especially suggestive is it that this later forum should stand for the same broad freedom of thought and of speech that made the old forum in large measure the most popular institution among the Greeks and the Romans, and, in its very nature, a guaranty of the people's liberties. A fear has been expressed frequently of late, that, with the vastly multiplied output of the printing press, the art of oratory was dying out. The popularity of the open platform, conducted in Boston under the leadership of Benjamin Fay Mills, is proof positive that, far from having died out, oratory of the right sort is so much in favor that Mr. Mills has been able in a few short years to make the Mills forum, as it is called, the center of a liberalizing influence second to none in the city of Boston. In Henry Ward Beecher's day, it was said that sufficient direction for any one seeking Plymouth Church was, "Cross Fulton ferry, and follow the crowd." The stranger who should follow the crowd of a Sunday afternoon in Boston, would find himself one of a great number of eager and earnest people flocking to the auditorium of the Parker Memorial, on Berkeley Street. The whole spirit and atmosphere of the scene is one which that valiant apostle of radical

religion and unfettered thinking, Theodore Parker, might well inspire.

The audience is a typical American audience,—conglomerate, composite—suggestive, in some ways, of Joseph's coat of many colors; and yet, in all and through all, held together by the deepest and truest of human emotions—"The greatest thing in the world." Love to God and love to man, is here no empty phrase. Distinctions of native-born and immigrant, of rich and poor, of lettered and unlettered, are here forgotten, or laid aside. That human brotherhood, which the American spirit is making, day by day, more and more a fact of existence, is here the universal solvent. One has to be early to get a seat, and, once settled in one's seat, one has hardly had time to more than survey the scene when the appearance of the chief figure for which it is the setting, is proclaimed by applause so general, so emphatic, and so spontaneous, that no room is left for doubt of its genuineness. Eyes light up, heads stretch forward, and from one to another goes the whisper:

"There he is; that's Mills!"

Mills is very interesting in himself, as a personality,—unique, powerful, magnetic, and persuasive. He is still more interesting as a type of the trend of thought on this American continent in these closing years of the nineteenth century. In advance of his day, perhaps,—yet not so far in advance as some people might suppose,—he presents the significant spectacle of the old-fashioned revivalist and enthusiastic and emotional apostle of orthodoxy, transformed by soul growth into an apostle of the larger Christianity, the larger science, the surer ethics, and the new conscience. Shall we not see the institutional evangelicalism of which the "revivalist" and the "salvationist" appear the last hysterical appeal to hysterical emotion, submerged in the rising wave of rational and humanitarian thought?

Let us take a look at this end-of-the-century prophet and preacher of righteousness, and see what he looks like. Certainly there is not much of the "sky-pilot" about him. This

is the kind of man to whom that antiquated and absurd prefix, "Reverend" has become superfluous. His wavy hair shades a broad brow, under which clear, sharp, blue eyes seem to look squarely into yours. Whom the Gods love are perennially young. He does not look his two-score years. However much there may be behind him, there is *more* before him. The pleasant face is strong in every line; shrewd and yet sweet. His magnetism is felt by every person in that crowded hall, as he steps to the front with a word of welcome to his old friends and to those who from that moment begin to be his friends. His voice has the strength that comes from character, rather than from volume. He does not speak loudly, but he speaks clearly, and his voice carries to all parts of the hall. He says briefly that the speaker of the afternoon will talk for twenty-five minutes: after that there will be fifteen minutes for questions, to be answered by the speaker, concerning his subject: then the meeting will be open for twenty-five minutes to the audience for expression of their ideas, but each person is limited to three minutes. Mr. Mills proves himself a remarkably good chairman, keeping the different elements in perfect order, and right to the question. There are expressions of all kinds of ideas, alike only in two respects,—they are all honest, and they are all strivings to answer Pilate's question, "What is truth?" Nor is there the slightest hint of churchliness about the proceedings, either in subject or method. No preliminary prayer or psalm, no cant or petic pretense. No scene could more vividly demonstrate how far in the distance the traditional New England Sabbath has been left by these earnest thinkers. The people are practical, and the subject discussed is practical always. "Expansion" was the topic last Sunday, and it was plain that people are learning to do their own thinking.

No one can attend the forum without feeling that a forceful man is there before him, a man not only of force, but of remarkable tact. The man who can draw, under one roof, the Individualist and the Socialist, the Radical and the

Conservative, the Single-taxer and the Anarchist, to say nothing of representatives of various religious beliefs, and let them air their doctrines, without destroying peace and brotherly concord, is surely a wonder. All this, Fay Mills does. The work of the forum is the promulgation of truth, in the spirit of universal brotherhood. The meetings call out all kinds of opinions, yet rarely call out anger.

Mr. Mills is the son of a clergyman, and was himself ordained a Congregational minister, but no pent up Utica could long confine his powers. His gifts being meant for mankind, could not be prostituted to sect or party. Out of his spiritual struggles he brought one article of faith, to which he clings, and to which he wishes to convert the world—that of universal brotherhood. It is this he preached, first and foremost, to thousands while he was an evangelist in the West. It is this he preached to the thousands at Music Hall last year, as this winter he preaches to those who fill the Hollis street theater every Sunday night. It is for this he works in directing the meetings at the forum, Sunday morning and afternoon, and in overseeing the Monday and the Friday evening meetings, at which are speakers of distinction, on ethics and economics, and on every phase of the forward movement. The influence of this calm presentation of the latest and of the best thought, on the subjects of which all earnest men and women are thinking, is widespread, and must be for good. It explains why Fay Mills brings about him men and women of all ages, none of whom go away without taking something to think over. Whether it be of agreement or disagreement, Mr. Mills cares not at all. He says, "It is not my way that must be followed, but any way that leads to true brotherhood."

"Dreamer!" say some,—aye; but the dreams that true men dream, come true.

DORA M. MORRELL.

Boston.

THE AMERICANISM OF THOMAS PAINE.

AT the close of the American Revolution, it became a proverb, that independence had been achieved equally by the sword of Washington and the pen of Paine. There was no exaggeration in this, for it was the pen of Paine that converted the sword of Washington from a mere weapon of rebellion into an implement for founding a nation. Up to January 1776, Washington had protested his loyalty to the Crown. On the tenth of that month, Paine's "Common Sense" appeared; on the thirty-first of that month, Washington wrote from Cambridge to Joseph Reed, of "the sound doctrine and unanswerable reasoning contained in the pamphlet 'Common Sense.'" The die was cast. Paine had poised well before his swift descent on the mind of the country. He had converted Franklin by word of mouth,—Franklin who had so indignantly repudiated in England the charge that Americans were aiming at separation. He had tentatively published in the leading paper, the *Pennsylvania Journal*, (October 18, 1775) his "Serious Thought,"—a prophecy that God would sever America from England. He had submitted the manuscript to the competent criticism of Dr. Rush. Not only these men, but Jefferson, Adams, Lee, Laurens, and other leaders were converted by Paine. In an introduction to one of Paine's works, published in London in 1792, justly ascribed to Joel Barlow, it is said of "Common Sense": "It gave spirit and resolution to the Americans, who were then wavering and undetermined, to assert their rights, and inspired energy into their counsels; we may therefore venture to say, without fear of contradiction, that the great American cause owed as much to the pen of Paine as to the sword of Washington."

Edmund Randolph, our first Attorney General, and the most scholarly statesman of his time, ascribed much of the effectiveness of Paine's pamphlet to "a style hitherto un-

known on this side of the Atlantic, from the ease with which it insinuated itself into the hearts of the people who were unlearned, or of the learned." But what was it that Paine insinuated into the hearts of learned and unlearned? Independence, or separation from England, although an essential, was but a subordinate part of his aim. That was not his cause, but a necessary condition for the success of his cause; he therefore proves that a formal declaration of separate nationality could alone justify the taking up of arms, or bring to them the sympathy of other nations, or save them from failure; he also points out the adequacy of the resources of America for a great and prosperous nationality. But all of these points, momentous as they are, were comparatively only the feathers on the real arrow of Paine. That arrow was a new idea and scheme of government. This was Paine's cause; the rest was but demonstration of its practicability, and the impracticability of other governmental systems. But some biographical perspective is needed fully to appreciate the "art and mystery" of Paine's work.

"It was the cause of America that made me an author." These words of Paine gain significance when we reflect that when he began writing (1775), he was thirty-eight. He had in that time been an assiduous student of physics, astronomy, and mathematics; he was well versed in philosophic theories of government. He had derived from his father, and from the little Quaker meeting in Thetford, a hatred of priestcraft, a contempt for titles, hostility to privilege, horror of slavery, belief in the equality of all men in rights as the children of one universal Father, and abhorrence of war. These were thorough convictions; for Paine's mind was the reverse of skeptical, and there is every reason to believe that his outlawed religion was, to the last, substantially that of the Quakers, whose orthodoxy was a later development, rightly regarded by Elias Hicks as an innovation. But silence concerning most of their peculiar views had become, through persecutions, an instinct in Quakers, outside their own meeting; and, although Paine was never connected with any

meeting, he seems to have preserved an inbred habit of speaking only when the spirit moved him. When he was thirty, he used to preach occasionally in and about Margate, where he had married, but what he said is not reported. He wrote scraps of poetry, and, no doubt, other things; but never published anything. He knew some learned and influential people, and was quite familiar with the opinion of the English publicists, Josiah Tucker and Major Cartwright, that England should detach itself from America. He believed, while yet in England, that such separation was inevitable, but was not much interested in it. For it was only contemplated that there would be set up in America another British throne and another England. When he arrived in America (November 1774) he found it a kind of treason to talk about separation, and "Independence was a doctrine scarce and rare even towards the conclusion of the year 1775."

Paine's value was at once recognized in Philadelphia. He was employed as teacher of young gentlemen; in January (1775) became editor of the *Pennsylvania Magazine*, and received welcome from the eminent friends of Franklin, from whom he brought letters. But the war-clouds were gathering, and, during those early months,—from Nov. 30 when he arrived, to April 19 when the collision at Lexington occurred,—Paine used all his influence, and it was much, to soothe the rising wrath, and promote reconciliation with England. So strenuous had he been, that, after the tidings from Lexington, and even while he was writing his plea for independence, he was suspected by some of being a British Tory, if not a spy!

Yet during those same months, while urging reconciliation, the real "cause of America" had laid hold of him, and made him an author. For the first time he saw slavery, and took up his burden against it. The first thing he ever wrote for publication was that powerful appeal for emancipation which the editor of the *Pennsylvania Journal* hesitated about, for it was delayed until March 8. It brought Dr. Rush to his side, and clearly caused the organization soon after (April 14) of

the first anti-slavery society. But while that first-written paper was in suspense, the "cause of America" had already in another aspect been presented in the introduction of Paine's magazine :

"America has now outgrown the state of infancy : her strength and commerce make large advances to manhood ; and science in all its branches has not only blossomed, but even ripened on the soil. The cottages, as it were, of yesterday have grown to villages, and the villages to cities ; and, while proud antiquity, like a skeleton in rags, parades the streets of other nations, their genius, as if sickened and disgusted with the phantom, comes hither for recovery. . . . America yet inherits a large portion of her first-imported virtue. Degeneracy is here almost a useless word. Those who are conversant with Europe would be tempted to believe that even the air of the Atlantic disagrees with the constitution of foreign vices ; if they survive the voyage they either expire on their arrival, or linger away in an incurable consumption. There is a happy something in the climate of America which disarms them of all their power, both of infection and attraction.

"But while we give no encouragement to the importation of foreign vices, we ought to be equally as careful not to create any. A vice begotten might be worse than a vice imported. The latter, depending on favor, would be a sycophant ; the other, by pride of birth, would be a tyrant. To the one we should be dupes, to the other slaves."

The man who wrote this (probably in Jan. 1775), was well aware that the same principle applies to political vices : an imported royalism merely tolerated, would be far less harmful than a new-created royalism in America. He was therefore anxious for reconciliation, for the constitution of England had not yet been subverted by the King's determination to govern as well as reign. But Paine was all the more indignant at the unconciliatory attitude of the ministry, and on Jan. 4, 1775, there appeared in the *Pennsylvania Journal*, evidently from his pen, a dialogue, in which his hero, General Wolff (on whom he had once written a ballad), comes from the elysian fields, sent by the heroes there to remonstrate with General Gage on his errand in Boston. Gage is told

that "the American colonies are entitled to all the privileges of British subjects. Equality of liberty is the glory of every Briton. He does not forfeit it by crossing the ocean. He carries it with him into the most distant parts of the world, because he carries with him the immutable laws of nature. A Briton or an American ceases to be a British subject when he ceases to be governed by rules chosen or approved of by himself. This is the essence of liberty and of the British constitution."

On the village green at Lexington, where others saw seven slain Americans, Paine saw an eighth corpse — that of the British constitution. He now saw that the independence, which he knew must come at some time, was in danger of coming under circumstances which would enable monarchy to renew its youth, and perhaps substitute a Cæsar in place of a royal figurehead. The heart of his pamphlet "Common Sense" is in its picture, drawn with subtle imaginative art, but simple and real, of an American republic. Here was no talk of Greece and Rome, of classic senates and the like, nor was there any scream of the demagogue, nor any nonsense about the infallibility of majorities. American independence is to mean the independence of every man. The only design of a right and normal government is to secure to every human being his freedom, his personal rights, which include protection of his property, and absolute liberty of conscience in religion. Government has no business with religion, other than to protect every man's freedom therein.

No one can now read carefully these early utterances of Paine without perceiving that he had studied the problems connected with democracy long before he came to America. What he poured forth with passionate earnestness, yet nearly always well restrained, were mature thoughts which had solved problems raised by Locke, Rousseau, Dragonetti, and others,—raised but not solved. How can individual freedom be harmonized with the supreme authority of a majority? In the "Dialogue" (Jan. 4, 1775) his General Wolff, answering General Gage's exaltation of parliament, says: "The wisest

assemblies of men are as liable as individuals to corruption and error. The greatest ravages which have ever been committed upon the liberty and happiness of mankind have been by weak and corrupted republics." Personal liberty could only be assured by a compact or charter whereby the people put it out of their power to infringe upon it. Paine proposed that a constitutional convention should at once be appointed (suggesting that it might be formed of two congressmen from each colony, two from each provincial assembly, and five elected in each provincial capital, by as many as chose to go there and vote), and that it should found its constitution on a charter of the rights of every human being. "A charter is to be understood as a bond of solemn obligation, which the whole enters into, to support the right of every separate part, whether of religion, professional freedom, or property." (In this sentence "professional" was probably a printer's error for "personal.") In 1786, when a national constitution was contemplated, Paine, on Franklin's suggestion, wrote his "Dissertation on Government":

"When a people agree to form themselves into a republic (for the word *republic* means the *public good*, or the good of the whole, in contradistinction to the despotic form, which makes the good of the sovereign, or of one man, the only object of government), when, I say, they agree to do this, it is to be understood that they mutually resolve and pledge themselves to each other, rich and poor alike, to support and maintain this rule of equal justice among them. They therefore renounce not only the despotic form, but the despotic principle, as well of governing as of being governed by mere will and power, and substitute in its place a government of justice. By this mutual compact, the citizens of a republic put it out of their power, that is, they renounce, as detestable, the power of exercising, at any future time, any species of despotism over each other, or doing a thing not right in itself, because a majority of them may have strength of numbers sufficient to accomplish it. In this pledge and compact lies the foundation of the republic: and the security of the rich

and the consolation of the poor is, that what each man has is his own; that no despotic sovereign can take it from him, and that the common cementing principle which holds all the parts of a republic together, secures him likewise from the despotism of numbers; for despotism may be more effectually acted by many over the few, than by one man over all. . . . A republic, properly understood, is a sovereignty of justice, in contradistinction to a sovereignty of will."

Among the "loyalists" with whom Paine argued, some used pleas not unlike what we hear in our own time. "Much hath been said of the united strength of Britain and the Colonies, that, in conjunction, they might bid defiance to the world." But, answers Paine, "What have we to do with setting the world at defiance?"

"Our plan is commerce, and that, well attended to, will secure us the peace and friendship of all Europe, because it is the interest of all Europe to have America a free port. . . . The injuries and disadvantages we sustain by that connection [with England], are without number; and our duty to mankind at large, as well as to ourselves, instructs us to renounce the alliance: because any submission to, or dependence on, Great Britain tends to directly involve this continent in European wars and quarrels, and set us at variance with nations who would otherwise seek our friendship, and against whom we have neither anger nor complaint. All Europe is our market for trade, we ought to form no partial connection with any part of it. It is the true interest of America to steer clear of European contentions, which she can never do while, by her dependence on Britain, she is made the make-weight in the scale of British politics."

This is what George Washington called "sound doctrine," and what he left as advice to his country. I have before me a manuscript diary of John Hall, 1786, who says that Washington, seeing Paine in poverty (though he might have been rich had he not given away his publications to the struggling country), declared to the President of congress that unless provision for Paine were made by that assembly he would make it out of his own pocket. Washington expressed to

several correspondents his high appreciation of the Crisis series, and one may feel pretty certain that he was impressed by the following, in the seventh "Address to the people of England," November 21, 1778 :

"There is such an idea existing in the world as that of *national honor*, and this, falsely understood, is oftentimes the cause of war. In a Christian and philosophical sense, mankind seem to have stood still at individual civilization, and to retain as nations all the original rudeness of nature. Peace by treaty is only a cessation of violence for a reformation of sentiment. It is a substitute for a principle that is wanting, and ever will be wanting till the idea of national honor be rightly understood. As individuals, we profess ourselves Christians, but as nations we are heathens, Romans, and what not. I remember the late Admiral Saunders declaring in the House of Commons, and that in the time of peace, that, 'the city of Madrid laid in ashes was not a sufficient atonement for the Spaniards taking off the rudder of an English sloop of war.' I do not ask whether this is Christianity or morality, I ask whether it is decency? whether it is proper language for a nation to use? In private life we call it by the plain name of bullying, and the elevation of rank cannot alter its character. It is, I think, exceedingly easy to define what ought to be understood by national honor; for that which is the best character for an individual is the best character for a nation; and wherever the latter exceeds, or falls beneath the former, there is a departure from the line of true greatness."

But this is revolutionary doctrine. What would become of armies and fleets, if nations conducted themselves to each other like gentlemen? Paine would answer in the language he addressed to General Sir William Howe, March 21, 1778 :

"If there is a sin superior to every other, it is that of wilful and offensive war. Most other sins are circumscribed within narrow limits, that is, the power of *one* man cannot give them a very general extension, and many kinds of sins have only a mental existence from which no infection arises; but he who is the author of a war lets loose the whole contagion of hell, and opens a vein that bleeds a nation to death."

In the introduction to "Common Sense," Paine says: "The cause of America is in a great measure the cause of all mankind." In his early patriotic writings he holds in prophetic vision a free America whose "first gratitude" is shown "by an act of continental legislation, which shall put a stop to the importation of negroes for sale, soften the hard lot of those already here, and in time procure their freedom"; a nation become "the asylum of persecuted virtue from every part of the globe"; refuge of the "genius" of other nations; the favorite of heaven, and friend of mankind"; the "ark in which all the liberty and true religion of the world are to be deposited." No Goethe had yet said to restless young Europeans, "Your America is here or nowhere."

When the war ended, Thomas Paine was the lion of America. He was not only held to have achieved victory by his pen, but by important military services, afterwards forgotten, but well remembered then. States competed for his visits; but he was not fond of fêtes, he was fond of science, and he retired to Bordentown, a small town in New Jersey, where he devoted himself to building a model of his chief invention—his iron bridge. But now there began to troop out the royalists. They had joined in the Revolution—some of them dragged into it—but they had no idea of any but English government; Paine they had applauded as a standard-bearer of independence, but they presently realized that he had done more important work: he had cleared out of the minds and hearts of the common people, and out of three-fourths of their leaders, all vestiges of monarchical notions and superstitions; and he had substituted a perfect architectural plan of an American Republic. The greatest states, Pennsylvania and Virginia, hastened to build up constitutions with Bills of Rights of which every stone was quarried from Paine's writings, and if, as Paine wished, a national constitution could have been framed toward the close of the Revolution, or just after the treaty of peace, there is little doubt that it would have abolished the slave trade at once, provided for the extinction of slavery, and would have contained nothing so English as the

disproportionate representation of states and the Presidency, —as now constituted. Paine had done away with these things, and it required a special propaganda, aided by menaces of disunion on the part of the small states, to undo any part of his work.

It is probable that if Paine had remained in America through the year 1787 he might have secured some of the republican principles that were sacrificed, and it is certain that he would have been in Washington's cabinet. As it was, Jefferson and Randolph wished the President to summon him from Europe for the office of Postmaster General, and but for Washington's fear of offending England, enraged by Paine's "Rights of Man," it would have been done. But Paine was a strangely unambitious man; he never thought of gaining any personal power by his writings; and when, early in 1787, he received a letter from his aged parents longing to see him, he sailed off with his iron-bridge model. His father had died, but he sat with his aged mother (in a house still standing), and settled an annuity on her.

England insisted on lionizing Paine. He was drawn from Thetford by scientific men interested in his bridge, and entertained in grand mansions by lords and gentry who affected the blue and buff of Washington. But his heart was in America, and he wrote to Kitty Nicholson, whom he had known as a school girl, on her approaching marriage: "Though I am in as elegant style of acquaintance here as any American that ever came over, my heart and myself are three thousand miles apart; and I had rather see my horse Button, in his own stable, or eating the grass of Bordentown or Morrisania, then see all the pomp and show of Europe."

But not rather than to see the pomp and show catch fire from the splendor of the American Revolution. And that was the glory that arose in France. The king had consented to be a republican ruler, and Paine was summoned by Lafayette and other old comrades to bear the stars and stripes in the procession, which was to celebrate this, his ideal revolution,—peaceful and bloodless. There rose before him a new

vision uttered at a grand dinner given him in London, as his toast — "The Republic of the World!"

During the year 1791, all Europe was reading Paine's "Rights of Man," which was as effective as "Common Sense" had been in America: republican, or so-called "Constitutional" societies were organized throughout England, Ireland, and Scotland, and Paine devoted to them every penny that came to him — thousand of pounds — for the enormous sales of the book which Madison declared to be a "defense of the principles on which that government [the United States] is founded." That indeed was the optimistic view shared by Paine, whose "Rights of Man" was received by England and France as a gospel according to America. "I am not an ambitious man," wrote Paine to Monroe, "but perhaps I have been an ambitious American. I have wished to see America the Mother Church of government, and I have done my utmost to exalt her character and her condition."

My friend, Clair J. Grece, LL.D., has just discovered in an old autograph shop in London, and has sent me, a letter in Paine's handwriting addressed to the Constitutional Society in Paris, in behalf of that in London, May 1792, from which I extract a paragraph:

"In contemplating the political condition of nations we can scarcely conceive a more diabolical system of government than has been generally established over the world. To feed the avarice and gratify the wickedness of ambition, the brotherhood of the human race has been destroyed, as if the several nations of the earth had been created by rival gods. Man knew not man as the work of one creator. The political institutions under which he has lived have been counter to whatever religion he professed. Instead of that universal benevolence which the morality of every known religion declares, he has been politically bred to consider his species as his natural enemy, and to define virtues and crimes by a geographical chart."

In conclusion, Paine applauds their "peaceable principles," and declares that their true defense against their enemies will be "establishing the general freedom of Europe." Such were the auroral hopes and visions of those who welcomed

the great apostle from America in England and in France, which entreated Paine to come and assist them in forming a republican constitution. After an interview with the American minister (Pinckney) in London, who agreed with him "that it was to the interest of America that the system of European governments should be changed, and placed on the same principle with her own," Paine went to Paris with an eminent Frenchman sent to escort him, and was appointed by the convention on the committee to frame a constitution.

But there he was presently confronted by an American minister, Gouverneur Morris, who under the cover of Washington's great authority was actively serving the royal courts leagued against France. Paine was the only real American minister in France, and the many Americans in Paris so regarded him. When Paine had completed his work on the constitution, and the convention had indefinitely adjourned it, and turned itself into a revolutionary tribunal, he absented himself from it. He then prepared to return to America, where he would have explained the reign of terror and also reported the proceedings of the American minister. That, Morris could not allow, and he conspired with the sanguinary committee to throw Paine into prison.

And there he lay, the guillotine blade suspended over him, for over ten months, in obedience to the supposed wishes of Washington! And Washington died in the belief that Morris had vainly endeavored to secure Paine's release as an American citizen, his treacherous minister having so written him, just after he had written to the Robespierrian minister that Paine was not within his jurisdiction!

I have just taken a walk past the site of the Hotel de Philadelphia where Paine was welcomed with enthusiasm in 1792, whence he was dragged to prison in 1793; past the Luxembourg prison (where a newsboy was crying his journal "*Les Droits de l'Homme*"); past the "*Maison des Etrangers*" where Monroe brought the half-dead prisoner immured by his predecessor; and my topographical walk ended in the rue de l'Odéon, where, after the Monroes had nursed him back into life, Paine found a home with the De Bonneville, — the

French government having refused to let him leave for America. There I pictured the apostle of Liberty, denied it himself, with his careworn face still to the sunrise. There he wrote his pamphlet urging a compact between all nations, that in time of war commerce should be protected as neutral. Every ship from whose mast floated the flag he had devised—a rainbow—should be secure.

I have an impression that this old emblem of promise, the bow on the cloud, had long haunted Paine's imagination. In his *Pennsylvania Magazine*, September 1775, there is a picture of the battle at Charlestown, and a ship bears a flag covered with stripes, the edges undefined. This was long before the adoption of stripes for the United States flag, and it is quite possible that editor Paine had suggested a rainbow flag to his engraver. However that may be, it is a strangely pathetic fact, that this veteran author, hero, martyr, after so many humiliations, seeing the rise of a military despot on the ruins of the French Republic, his comrades slain by the guillotine, did not yet despair of the future of humanity. There was still a bow in the clouds for his steadfast eyes. He sent his rainbow pamphlet to the chief minister of Bonaparte, Talleyrand, and to all the courts of Europe, and to the President (Jefferson), and fair responses were received. But the world still waits for Paine's rainbow flag, which to him meant the blending of all nations into a beautiful union, before which war must pass away forever. That rainbow he no doubt saw in the American flag,—which in his last *Crisis* he spoke of as beautiful to the eye, "and to contemplate its rise and origin inspires a sensation of sublime delight." The rainbow is in every one of Paine's writings, whatever storms sweep through them: he was the typical enthusiast of liberty, equality, fraternity; he was the passionate lover of America for the sake of its exalted virtues, its freedom and justice; and it is but sober historic truth to affirm that no man ever lived whose mind, and life, and work were more transfused with sweet humanity, than Thomas Paine.

MONCURE D. CONWAY.

Paris.

THE STRUGGLE OF ABSOLUTISM.

THE world is looking with anxious eyes toward the north, where, upon the mist-covered Neva, sits a monarch who has called mankind together to take counsel for the eventual overthrow of the colossus of militarism, and the inauguration of universal peace. With the approach of the time set for the opening of this council of the nations, — in many respects one of the most striking developments of the end of the century — the question that is pressing for utterance upon the lips of millions of men on both sides of the Atlantic is : “Will the plan of the White Czar result in advancing the world toward the time when war shall be condemned as a crime against humanity ?”

The word “militarism” is the most sinister combination of sounds in the dictionary of the Old World, and the mighty man whose finger shall erase it therefrom, will have put the finishing touch to the great work which was begun by the Sea of Galilee nineteen centuries ago. While militarism, in all its terrible significance, remains an accepted and approved policy and practice of the rulers of Christendom, the people must sink lower and lower into the abyss of material distress and consequent moral degradation until — when ?

It is recognized universally that if Russia, the greatest armed power in the world, begins the process of disarmament by modifying the scale of her own preparations for offense and defense, the coming peace conference will be productive of definite and beneficent results. Is the Russian government sincere, then, in its avowal of a purpose to bring about a general diminution of the armed forces of the world ? There is not a single indication that such is the case. It is an extraordinary fact that in Russia itself, with the exception of the favored individuals who dwell in the shadow of royalty,

people, as a rule, are unaware that his majesty the Czar has issued an appeal for international peace. The conscription this year is larger than ever before, and the number of soldiers who are being hurried out to the Asiatic frontiers of the empire has increased, if anything. Even while the ukase of peace was being penned at St. Petersburg, Russia was centering all her tremendous energies in adding another link to the iron chain that is to throttle the British empire in India. The clank of sabers and the clash of bayonets was resounding throughout the length and breadth of the Slav empire—and the American locomotives on the Trans-Siberian railroad were puffing and snorting over the Mongolian steppes, freighted, not with the product of loom, factory, or field, but with Krupp guns and peasant recruits to be massed on the line of coming battle between Muscovite and Anglo-Saxon in the extreme east.

"The White Czar, in his childish fancy, has designed a curious thing," reasoned Muravieff, the astute chancellor of the empire, and his no less astute coadjutor, Gen. Kouropatkine, whose ingenious brain has perfected every detail in the plan for the coming conquest of India by the great northern power. "The Czar has designed a curious thing, but he must be humored because he is the Czar." And so the proclamation which stirred the heart of Christendom to its depths was issued by the cynical chancellor in a spirit of bitter ribaldry. The issuing of the proclamation itself was a perfectly harmless proceeding—for both the chancellor and the war minister saw to it that there was not a shadow of possibility that their plans for the aggrandizement of holy Russia should be injured in the least by the sentimental notions of the emperor.

It must be remembered that Czar Nicholas II. does not represent in any sense the traditions of the imperial house of which he is the head, nor of the nation of which he is the nominal master. The young man, who shortly before the death of his imperial father, committed the extraordinary indiscretion of publishing a book of verses breathing strongly

of the spirit of Nihilism, succeeded in donning the purple, only because his claim to it was absolutely flawless, and offered no pretext whatever for the machinations of the lawyers—and the doctors. Had the slightest blemish existed in the title of the Czarevitch to his father's throne, it is safe to say that he would never have been allowed to sit upon it. Nicholas II. is the least Russian of the long line of the Romanoffs, and his occupancy of the throne is still regarded, and will continue to be regarded, as one of the evil, but inevitable, bequests of history, and the Emperor himself is a sort of *bête noire* who must be endured because he cannot be cured. So that when the Emperor spoke the word of peace, he did not speak the word of Russia, but rather that of his English governess. The bureaucracy bit its collective lip when it heard of the latest piece of imperial folly, and said, under its breath, but loudly enough to be heard by the anointed of the Lord: "It will do no harm. The nations will regard Russia in the rôle of an apostle of peace, and, in the meanwhile, everything will be as it has been!"

Such is the bitter jest that has been perpetrated upon mankind by the great tyranny of the north—the power that is gathering all its terrible strength for a war of destruction upon the Anglo-Saxon race, the great civilizer of the world.

A CHECK TO ABSOLUTISM IN GERMANY.

A notable check has been interposed to the advance of absolutism in Germany—the movement which was inaugurated by the sinister genius of the peasant prince Otto von Bismarck, and to the furtherance of which the young and impulsive Kaiser has been devoting all his energies—along different lines, it is true, but to the same reactionary end.

Two continents laughed with mingled scorn and amusement when the diminutive principality of Lippe-Detmold first began to figure as a disturbing element in the imperial digestive system. The prince of Lippe having been debarred by glaring mental incapacity from wearing the tinsel crown of the principality, the Kaiser improved the occasion by ap-

pointing his brother-in-law, Count Adolf of Schaumburg-Lippe, to the regency of Lippe. The federation of princes nullified the Kaiser's action by declaring the appointment illegal. They carried out their anti-imperial action to its logical conclusion by recognizing the title of Count Ernest of Lippe-Biesterfeld to the regency, and that claimant accordingly assumed the reins of power in spite of the emphatic protest of the Emperor. But the latter could not reconcile himself to this snub at the hands of the federated princes, and the regency of Count Ernest has been made as unpleasant for him as the head of the empire could make it. Now the princes have closed the argument by declaring that their decision in the matter under dispute is not subject to imperial scrutiny, and that the Emperor's wishes in the Lippe controversy are not entitled even to consideration.

This action marks a significant and sensational phase of the struggle against absolutism in Germany, and cannot fail to operate favorably upon the course of popular freedom throughout Europe. The imperial power in Germany has been swelling into pre-eminence, side by side with the military prestige of Germany, until the race that gave modern philosophy, and a large share of the aggregate of modern science, to the world, may fairly be said to be the most despotically governed in Europe. The forces of socialism, working at first silently, and now with increasing boldness and vigor, have been joined by the princes of the empire in their successful struggle against that incubus of German political life — the will of the Emperor!

FRANZ JOSEF'S SEMI-CENTENNARY.

The flourish of the trumpets that were to announce the fiftieth anniversary of Franz Josef I., as Emperor of the federated empire of Austria-Hungary, was turned into a funeral dirge, by the sad events that marked the historic occasion. The aged Emperor, bowed down with grief and with years, reached that important moment in his own life and that of the empire, only to hear the harsh shouts of his

dissenting subjects, to see the overshadowing mass of the great northern power heavier upon the remnant of the Holy Roman Empire, and to feel, over and above all other melancholy reminders of his failing fortunes, the terrible desolation that was brought upon his closing years by the deed of an arch-anarchist.

Hardly had the flickering light of the torches, that had thrown a fitful glare upon the funeral-fête of the jubilee, been extinguished, when a fresh indication of the doom of the Holy Roman Empire was borne home to the dazed consciousness of the aged monarch, by the refusal of the Hungarian Diet to renew the terms of the agreement, whereby the imperial federation was kept in existence, and which was to expire on the last day of the year. This necessitated the employment of drastic political measures. The imperial chancellery met the situation by issuing a proclamation continuing the operations of the federal agreement for another year. This measure, while constitutional, is not calculated to conciliate the Hungarians, who have endured the Hapsburg domination with patient loathing at best. In the meantime, while the two opposing camps of the Austro-Hungarian parliamentary forces are making their respective preparations for the final conflict over the *ausgleich*, the peasants of Hungary are carrying on an agitation which may at any time produce serious consequences in the Hungarian part of the dual monarchy.

FEUDALISM IN HUNGARY.

Inconceivable as the anachronism may seem to the Western mind, the agrarian system of Hungary has not yet issued from the feudal form. The Hungarian farmer of today is virtually a serf, bound to his master, the hereditary owner of the soil which the peasant tills, by the tangible tie of personal liability. The Hungarian feudal lord of the end-of-the-century is entitled to fifty days' labor from each male adult who dwells on his land. The seignior is at liberty to demand this feudal contribution at whatever time may seem best to him,

with the frequent result that the tenant farmer is employed in gathering his master's harvests while his own crops are rotting after a rainfall, or are being consumed by an early frost, or suffer damage from one or more of the many possible causes which render destructive the slightest delay on the part of the harvester in gathering the fruits of a year's labor. The Hungarian peasant of today objects to this order of things as strenuously as generations of his forefathers did in the long series of bloodily suppressed peasant wars that stand out so conspicuously on the pages of history. The cable conveys, from time to time, fragmentary indications of the determined efforts of the Hungarian tenant farmers to rid themselves of this tenacious bequest of the Middle Ages. Disturbances are frequent in the agricultural districts, which the daily press, with its passion for accurate classification, labels as "agrarian riots," and dismisses with the stereotyped phrase: "The troops succeeded in dispersing the rioters. There were several casualties on both sides." To the observer who takes the trouble to see below the surface of things, these episodes are forerunners of the last struggle between feudalism and enlightenment in Europe, with Hungary as the battlefield.

While the voice of Louis Kossuth is thundering denunciations of the dual empire through the eloquent lips of Francis Kossuth, a son of the hero of '48, the other movement, which the stormy mid-century period inaugurated, is gathering force in the Hungarian Diet and among the swarming population that is tilling the fertile plains of Hungary. The Hungarian farmer bids Hungary solve the agrarian problem or prepare herself to combat a latter-day peasant revolution which the spirit of the age cannot fail to render fruitful of successful results.

FAILURE OF THE ANTI-ANARCHIST CONFERENCE.

The international congress which assembled in Rome to consider some method of checking the onward march of the forces of anarchism in Europe, has ended in definite and con-

spicuous failure. When the political wiseacres of the Old World compared notes on the extent and nature of the evil of anarchism, they discovered that no concerted proscriptive action could be taken against the anarchists, because there were so many of them in some of the countries represented at the conference that an attempt to exterritorize them would result in the partial depopulation of entire districts. The only tangible effect of the conference, was an emphatic demonstration to friend and foe alike, that anarchism in Europe is too widespread to be dealt with by the police, and that action by someone else than jail-keepers and sheriffs is necessary, if respect for the existing social order is to be promoted among the masses of the population of the Old World.

REVOLT IN ITALY.

The recent insurrections in Italy illustrated in vivid fashion the danger that threatens European society. The placid minds of the political academicians were thrown into a state of agitation by the outbreak of violence that recently shook the Italian monarchy to its foundation, and threatened for a moment to bring a bloody crisis in the fortunes of the royal house of Savoy. The Italian government had to call nearly a quarter of a million of the military reserves to the colors, and to create an army of half a million men — a figure that nearly reaches the full war strength of the country, and double the force enrolled by Uncle Sam to wage war with Spain — before it could stifle the bitter cry for bread that could no longer be repressed. And when the Italian in uniform had pressed the point of the bayonet against the breast of the Italian in rags, di Rudini and the heads of half a dozen of the other cabinets of Europe became conscious of a truth to which, after the manner of all academicians when they have to deal with conditions which their text-books do not recognize, they had deliberately closed their eyes. They discovered that the crust of political earth that stands between European society and the destructive elements of discontent is thin — so extremely thin that an outbreak at one point in

its surface is very likely, by the mere force of concussion, to cause ominous fissures to occur in the apparently solid surface at other points.

The repressive powers of Italy discovered that the unreconciled elements of the whole of Europe were vitally interested in the trans-alpine protest against existing conditions, and that men of innumerable shades of "Red" republicanism, with practically the entire continent as a recruiting ground, were pouring over the Alps and debouching upon the plains to the south of them—that the army of discontent had invaded Italy. The military arm crushed the malcontents and checked the protesting movement, with what rigors the cable dispatches from the Italian capital have told the world. The grip of iron fingers choked the cry of anger into muteness, and many of the hungry throats that uttered it had their fill of cold lead. But the problem still remains unsolved. The politicians have built a platform over the terrible fissure in the Roman forum, but the abyss still continues to yawn. Will the anointed head of the house of Savoy be the modern Quintus Curtius who shall cause the mouth of the pit to close, by plunging into its sinister depths?

Recent history tells us that there are perhaps no people in Europe who have sacrificed with more splendid devotion at the altar of national greatness than have the Italians. And now their divinity has become a Moloch. Cavour discovered that a great army had to be created—an army far in excess of the abilities of the Italian people to support—if resurrected Italy was to take its place among the great nations of the earth. Then came the *dreibund*, an ingenious international contrivance which the cunning mind of Bismarck devised, in order to construct a dominant Prussia upon the ruins of the rest of mankind. Italy has adhered to the terms of the triple alliance with a grim determination that would appear absolutely fatuous were it not for the explanatory fact that the Italians considered their national credit and their national greatness at stake. So the vintner of Calabria, and the herdsman of the Campagna, and the fisherman of Sicily submitted

cheerfully to a crushing system of taxation, the application of which in almost any other country in Europe would have brought about an instant and bloody revolution.

After Cavour came Crispi, who made the astonishing discovery that a colonial policy was the aching void of a greater Italy. If the African continent could be made a field for Italian activity, the exchequer of the monarchy would immediately feel the beneficent effect thereof, and the fiscal problem would become capable of solution.

When the Italian taxpayer had done a little quiet grumbling, he accepted Crispi's proposition, and Eritrea came into existence—Eritrea, which was the occasion of the absolute shattering of Italian prestige by the savage warriors of Ras Menelik. But the African colony still continues to consume a large proportion of the revenues of the kingdom, and to contribute to the terrible load under which the Italian is barely able to totter. Meanwhile, the Italian peninsula resounds with the tramp of soldiery, but the abyss in the Roman forum awaits the devotion of a Quintus Curtius. Will the hero be of the blood of the house of Savoy?

STARVATION IN RUSSIA CONTINUES.

Some bold Stanley may yet come out of the dark empire of Russia to give the world some inkling of the terrible conditions that obtain under the far-spreading shadow of the Muscovite throne. Christendom shuddered when it read the stories of hunger and pestilence in India. It has yet to realize that under the scepter of a monarch who is officially designated as the protector of the holy orthodox church, famine is carrying away its thousands of victims, and the government is hardly raising a finger to alleviate the terrible distress.

Russia has kept her ghastly secret well. No highly colored stories of pain and despair have been allowed to reach the breakfast tables of the civilized world. Only an occasional stray paragraph, too innocent in itself to have caught the watchful eye of the imperial censor, has percolated into

the columns of the daily press to indicate that anything extraordinary is going on in holy Russia.

Count Muravieff, the Russian chancellor, recently permitted the publication of an official note which announced to the charitably inclined that "conditions of scarcity" are prevalent in seven provinces of European Russia; that physicians have demonstrated the presence in the affected provinces of hunger typhus in a form bordering on the epidemic, and made the cheerful admission that the government is unable to cope with existing conditions. This famine ukase is the only official admission that the world has had of the grim fact that millions of Russians are starving.

In the meanwhile, troopship after troopship leaves Odessa bearing thousands of recruits who are being poured into Asia, there to be employed in the civilizing mission of Russia. Millions of roubles are being wrested, kopeck after kopeck, from the rigid fingers of the peasantry in order that holy mother Russia may wax great and terrible in the Far East, and that the foot of the Russian bureaucrat may rest as firmly and as heavily upon the neck of the Chinese peasant as it already does upon that of his Russian brother. And still the words "civilizing mission" fall glibly and facilely from the lips of the diplomats who are directing the hand that writes history at St. Petersburg.

S. IVAN TONJOROFF.

Boston.

FRANZ JOSEF'S DREAM.

A SILVER lampsh one dimly on the form of the kneeling Emperor. A crucifix stood above him, set with jewels, on an altar draped with black. The silver cross and the white head of the kneeling monarch alone gleamed out of the surrounding darkness.

It was long after midnight, and the Emperor had been alone for hours. Outside, the winds were moaning softly, and the wet flakes whispered along the panes. The Emperor was kneeling before the altar, his white head bowed upon his hands, his worn brow pressed against the altar-cloth: an old man, lonely and alone, grievously stricken, and very desolate. Overshadowed by sharp misery on earth, he was struggling toward the consoling light of the angelic world, but his soul beat against the doors of hope in vain, seeking entrance, and finding none; sinking ever backwards into the darkness.

There came no vision of the peace his soul was longing after, but only wild memories of pain, affliction on affliction, sorrow after sorrow. And glimpses of old joys, mingling with each scene of mourning, added a hot sting of bitterness to his misery.

He was a youth again, in the world of memory that opened before him, and his brother Maximilian was with him: Maximilian the dreamer, the enthusiast, dearest to him of all his kin. They were in the Tyrol hills, hunting together, in the goat's-hair jackets of mountaineers, with leather knee-breeches, and chamois tufts in their hats. The sunlit velvet of the valleys spread below them, with the green curtains of the pines, and the rose-white snow-peaks soared above them in the blue. Suddenly there was a whirring of broad wings, as an eagle swooped past them, his wing-feathers brushing against the cliff. Then a patter of pebbles from ledge to ledge, as a chamois moved past somewhere above them. Then at last,

after breathless waiting, the dun-colored body against the grayness of the rocks, and the little curved horns, and the big wondering eyes looking down at them. A moment's suspense, a long shot from Maximilian, and the joy of victory. The soft brown body came tumbling over the cliff, and blood was trickling into the big dark eyes. The prize was theirs. And then, in the evening, merry-making in the lodge, the wild cries of the Tyrolean foresters in the dance of the hill-men: the beer-mugs clinking together, and after the revelry, happy sleep, that no dream broke, till the auer-hens were calling in the dawning.

Then his brother again, but in another setting. The sun is bright now, but with the white brightness of Mexico; an eagle is soaring in the blue, and the scarred plain bristles with gray-green cactus. Away across the open, through the shimmering air, the snow-clad Sierra rising from the blue and purple of the foothills. There are thousands of Mexican soldiers, grouped in a half circle, and the anger of revenge is in their eyes. Maximilian is standing before them, chivalrous and hopeless: "good luck to my adopted country . . . *Viva Mejico!*" Then, as of old, a moment of suspense; a good shot, and a body falls, but it is Maximilian's, and the red gushing blood is his. And there is revelry of another sort in the evening. Wild cry after cry breaks from the lips of Maximilian's bride, as she peals forth into mad laughter, till rent heart and darkened mind bring the terrible mercy of oblivion. Then the Emperor sees his best loved brother again, hunting with him in the Tyrolean hills; the velvet valleys are beneath him, and the curtained pine-woods rise up towards the snows, but there is blood on the breast of Maximilian, and his eyes are closed in death.

"My brother, my brother! why did I let you go forth to die?"

And he pressed his seamed forehead against the altar-cloth, and the silver lamp gleamed white on that white head bowed in pain. All else was wrapped in gloom, and there was silence, but for the moaning of the winds, and the wet flakes whispering along the windows.

Then a glad vision of brightness, shutting out his brother's blood-stained breast, and those death's eyes. The castle-garden at Ischl, and he himself a youth, who coming to pay court to the one sister, had fallen in love with the other, the girl princess Elizabeth. He hears her first greeting under the apple-trees, where the fruit is reddening along the boughs: "God greet thee, Franz!" a voice of clear music, as she comes forward to meet him, and the world is suddenly transformed by the glamor of romantic love. They walk there among the flowers, the scented fragrance all around them, and their idyl is as simple and innocent as the love-making in some enchanted isle. He is the gallant lover of a charming maid, and his shy caresses are as sweet as the first heart's love of the dwellers in the quiet mountains. Then suddenly the scene changes: it is still his princess, his Elizabeth, but he is not with her. There is silver in her hair, and sorrow in her eyes. Then a wild-faced man, low-browed, ill-clad, and haggard, comes toward her. There is a swift movement and a scuffle, and the Empress is stabbed to the heart. His wife, with the blood upon her breast and lips; the white hand of death has stilled the voice that greeted him so gaily in the garden, in the glad days of long ago.

The Emperor wrung his hands in sorrow, and cried aloud: "My bride, my princess, how happy we might have been!"

The scourge of sweet and bitter memories still falls unsparing. A new picture rises before him. It is his first-born son this time, his little Rudolf,—named for the first who made the greatness of their race. He holds the little child upon his knees, and it smiles at him, and the soft curly head nestles up against his shoulder. The Emperor presses his lips against the boyish curls, and proud joy swells his heart. The boy is wayward and wilful, passionate like all the Hapsburgs, and the Emperor loves him for it. Even now, the child is telling how he has defied his nurse, crying that he was a prince, and would follow his own will; and the Emperor is laughing at him, and encouraging his son's re-

bellion. And the Emperor saw swiftly in a vision how that wilful spirit had grown, till it withstood even his own imperial will, and would know no law but its own waywardness; and the old man saw how that very spirit had fascinated him, and stolen his love, as it did in childhood, when the little boy sat very confidently upon his knee, and nestled his curly head against his father's shoulder. And even while he stroked the young child's hair, and felt the warmth of the boyish life against his heart, there was a swift change. It was Rudolf still, but this time lying dead, with a red wound in his forehead, slain by his own hand. A terrible tragedy there in the hunting lodge of Mayerling; the heir to the throne of the emperors, lying there with Marie Vetsera by his side; her form long cold, the froth of poison on her lips; his body still warm, with the blood hardly congealed on his brow, and matting those same soft curls that his father had loved to press with his lips.

"My son, my first-born," cried the Emperor, horror-struck, "can a man so stricken live?"

Then another vision, most horrible among so many horrors: the sister of his Empress is crying piteously for help, and her cry has first called his eyes to the picture. A scene of wild panic spread before his fascinated gaze; it was in Paris: a splendid fancy fair, all bright with flowers and banners, and a thousand colored lights. The hall was filled with the best born of an old nobility, a roll of honor through the centuries was called up by the names of every one of them. And they are wild with fear, for the great building is burning; red tears of blazing pitch are falling all around, and the flames flare up wherever the red pitch falls. Women are shrieking, and trying to tear away their blazing garments, and the hot pitch flames up in their hair, and burns black gashes on their faces and shoulders. Among them is the Duchess d'Alençon, his Empress's sister, and it is her cry that has reached his ears. Now all are struggling at the door, and fighting for their lives. The men whose names were a scroll of undying fame, are striking at the women, beating them back from the

entry, struggling to be the first to escape, covering themselves with scathing shame and deathless dishonor. Then there are cries and curses, as the red rain falls, and the hall is filled with stifling smoke; the struggle at the doorway grows feebler, and darkness comes in mercy to cover the charred horror of burning bodies, still writhing among the ruins. Then the awful dignity of silent death. It is very quiet now, where there was so much crying a little while ago.

"My brother! my son! my wife! my sister!" cried the Emperor, heart-broken; "what have I done to be so grievously punished?"

Then night came down upon him, and, for a while, darkness wrapped him about with the hovering wings of silence.

Then out of the darkness came a voice, the voice of the Judge of All the Earth, stern and clear in answer to his passionate appeal:

"The sins of the fathers upon the children . . . to the third and fourth generation."

The Emperor started in fear. There was silence for a while, and then the voice echoed clear and stern again:

"Thus has Fate overtaken the Hapsburgs. Have they brought joy to those who felt their power, or sorrow and mourning? Have they brought the gift of mercy, or tyranny and pain? Have they followed pride and cruel ambition, or loving-kindness and tender mercy? Has gentle charity had any place in their hearts? Have they spared, or have they punished? . . . The Nemesis of the House of Hapsburg . . . the sins of the fathers upon the children."

Then, indeed, the soul of the Emperor sank within him, and his heart stood still with fear; darkness came in gathering mists upon his eyes, and he swooned into a long oblivion.

Then the altar draped in sable faded from before the Emperor's eyes, and there was a rough opening before him, like the doorway of a cave. He was looking into a sea of sunlit mist, and forms were moving in it dimly. The mist began to clear. A crenelated tower of rugged stones rose through it,

and then the turreted walls of a mediæval castle. The river Aar was tumbling beneath it, hurrying its blue waters down that green Swiss valley to the Rhine. The great doorway of the castle was wide open, the drawbridge was let down, and beyond the moat stood a gallant company of one and thirty knights, their armor shining in the sunlight, their horses waiting for them at the gate. The men and boys of the castle were standing round them, listening to the leader, Count Albert, whose proud plume and firm eyes showed him the ruler of them all. He was blessing his children, who stood bare-headed before them, amongst them the sturdiest, Rudolf, who should one day wear the Emperor's crown. Count Albert, whose fathers had been gallant warriors, was setting out that morning for the Holy Land, to fight for the Sepulchre, against the Saracens :

"My sons," he said, "follow after truth and piety; hearken not to evil counsellors, nor engage in needless war; yet, in war, be strong and valiant. Love peace more than profit. The Counts of Hapsburg did not gain their high renown by fraud, or by self-seeking, but by brave devotion to the good of all. While you follow in their footsteps you will uphold their honor, and increase their possessions."

There were ten thousand knightly castles that day in Europe, with mailed and plumed warriors ruling over them. Among all, none more gallant than Count Albert of Hapsburg, as he stood there in the sunlight, his eyes lit with the dream of the enchanted East. The horses were led forward, and, following their chieftain, the knights mounted, and the brave cavalcade rode down the valley that should never see them more, after that bright morning six hundred and three score years ago.

The Emperor saw it all, and all the bravery of the picture, but he saw something more, that had hitherto been veiled to his sight: out of the dimness of the mist that framed the picture, came peering countless haggard eyes; harsh voices sounded, and now and then a piercing cry, like a wounded animal; rough forms were moving in the mist, and pressing

forward toward him, low-browed men that lived and died like the beasts, but without the beasts' hearts-ease. They could not save themselves, or their sons and daughters; their sons must bend in toil, or bleed in battle, for quarrels they had no share in, or labor that brought them no reward. Their wives and daughters before their eyes were insulted by the brutality of soldiers, maddened with the fumes of blood, more cruel than the wild beasts of the forest. And those peering eyes glittered pathetically at him out of the mist, and the harsh voices moaned, rising and falling, and at last breaking into a wild cry:

"We are an-hungered . . . we are afflicted . . . we are tormented . . . for the glory of the Hapsburgs, and for their high renown."

The whole world seemed to be full of those peering, haggard eyes, and the air throbbed with those harsh, pathetic voices.

Then a voice from the silver crucifix:

"Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these my brothers, ye did it unto me."

And the peasants in their misery, their pallor, and their wounds, closed up round Count Albert as he rode away, crying to him to bring them the victory of the cross, and its tender mercy. But the count did not see or hear them. His eyes were filled with a vision of glory, of great things to be done by the Hapsburgs for the Redeemer; something finer than mere love of the Redeemer's children. So the peasant bands shrank back again with their haggard eyes, to centuries of slavery and pain, to centuries of darkness and oppression, to centuries of misery and shame. And the stern voice spoke again:

"The sins of the fathers upon the children . . . to the third and fourth generation."

Then the four dead bodies flashed up again into the Emperor's sight, side by side, their eyes closed, with the blood on their breasts, and their lips, and their brows, and he cried aloud in agony:

"My brother! my son! my wife! my sister!"

Then came a low heart-rending and despairing echo from among the mists, where the haggard eyes had hidden themselves—the cry of multitudes mourning:

"My brother! my son! my wife! my sister!"

Once again the murmur rose from the infinite armies of sorrow, and then it died away into the stillness. It was the voice of the unprivileged, the disinherited, the lowly ones of the earth, in their boundless bitterness and pain.

Then the shimmering mists gathered together again, as they gather in autumn, in the valleys of the Tyrolean hills, and from the breathing mists came forth another picture. It was a hall, set with shields and bucklers, and trophies of stags' horns, in that same Swiss castle in Aargau. The grandson of the first Albert was lying dead, with a pall of black velvet thrown over him. The fortunes of the house had prospered mightily, since the days of the mailed crusader, when the Hapsburgs were lords only of this green valley. They had twice worn the crown of the Emperor, and should wear it for ages to come. But they had grown great in violence, in rapine, in tyranny, in wrong. And now the second Albert lay there dead, stabbed by his own brother's son, whom he had robbed of his estates. And beside the dead man's body kneeled the Emperor's two sons, and swore a terrible oath of vengeance. All who had taken part in slaying him, many who had taken no part, many who knew nothing of the deed, fell in that dire slaughter, covered with red wounds, and ghastly in the writhing of their misery. Their houses and castles were burned, the stones of the hot ruins were strewn through their fields and vineyards, their servants and all who owned allegiance to them were butchered in cold blood. Their wives and children were cast forth to starve and mourn by the wayside, a prey to the cruel desire of any that passed by them. They sat there, lonely and hungry, in tears or dry-eyed sorrow, the children begging for food, and the mothers with none to give them. Four men had been at the killing of Albert. In the vengeance of his sons, besides these

four who were guilty of that death, there fell one thousand innocent men; and the lives of twice a thousand weak and helpless ones were blasted and ruined. The Emperor in his vision heard the cry of an infant. A high-windowed room of one of the castles flashed up before him; in it, Agnes, dead Emperor Albert's daughter, was trying with her own hands to strangle the child of one of the innocent thousand already slain, trying in hate to stifle its life with her bare hands. Then the door burst open, and some of her father's soldiers saved the child, more humane in their trade of bloodshed than the Hapsburg's high born daughter.

The voice of the Judge of all the earth once more resounded:

"The tender mercies of the Hapsburgs . . . the sins of the fathers upon the children."

The years rolled on in red grandeur and splendid wrong. Figures hurried to and fro in the mists, voices were heard, cries, wailing, and execration. Then there came forth the greatest of all that line, Charles the Emperor, whose dominions girdled all the earth. He was old now, and towering ambition had turned to bitterness in his heart, and all the evil he had done to others, came back upon him, in a cruel desire to do evil to himself. His splendid royalty laid aside, he has hidden himself in a lonely cloister, looking down a lovely Estramaduran valley; melancholy and despair are his companions, the fruit of harsh ambition and bitter cruelty. Lord of a hundred peoples round all the earth, he had not one friend, or any that loved him. And now he lies here in a shirt of hair, on the cell's stone floor, slave to the worst arrogance of all, the arrogance of asceticism. His back is gashed and raw with many scourgings; his flesh is wasted with mortifications. And he has conceived one supreme sensation of the lust of false religion: to rest in the tomb, as one dead, while his body yet lives. Monks enter the bare and chilly cell; they look at him with repugnance and fear, as one full of menace, though in name their brother. They are carrying a coffin, where the living Emperor takes his place; they carry him, covered with a shroud, to the chapel. The bells are tolling

for this mockery of death, and a requiem resounds, solemn and mournful, for him yet living. The choir chant a mass of piercing and unworldly beauty, and then the great cruel monarch is left alone, with the shadow of death, in the darkness. A few days later, great Death came to him, and, cowering, he passed into the night. That arrogance and lust of false religion came forth again in his son, Philip the Persecutor, Philip the Torturer, Philip of the Inquisition; and his bitter spirit delighted in the smell of burning bodies, cries of agony, broken limbs, and broken hearts. And this too was of the house of Hapsburg. The fires of the Inquisition lit up again, in that scene of death in Paris, flickering flames paying the debts of fate. The sins of the fathers upon the children; the life of a sister, perished in the flames, for the lives of these, who passed through the fire-death, as victims of the Hapsburgs.

Then the mists closed and parted again, and there came a vision of the Hapsburgs' justice:

The second Ferdinand overwhelming hapless Bohemia with his Spanish armies; brutal massacre, and foulest barbarity, that spares neither sex nor age, passion baser than the beasts, for which innocence and helplessness are baits that whet the edge of appetite. And this done in the name of the Crucified, and for his greater glory. In that wholesale devastation of a helpless land, two thousand noble Bohemian families are robbed of all, turned out to starve, to beg, or fall by the wayside, in the depth of winter's snows. A hideous mockery of pity sparing them from swift death, that they may perish the more miserably by slow hunger and the deadly bitterness of the winter's winds.

Over this scene of snow-wrapt corpses, the kneeling Emperor read the legend: "The Hapsburgs' justice for Bohemia," and dissolving in white cloud, it gave place to another, bearing the title, "The Hapsburgs' justice for Hungary."

The scene is the fortress of Eperies, among the wild Carpathian mountains. Leopold the First, with an army of savage soldiers, is dealing out judgment to all that was best, noblest, and bravest in the broad Magyar lands, that now lie

conquered at his feet. Dungeons with abominable tortures seek to extort confessions against friends and dear kindred. After the dungeon and torture thirty executioners ply their red trade on dripping scaffolds, until the "peace" of Hungary is secured.

Yet another vision: "Justice for the Heretics." The city of Magdeburg besieged by the second Ferdinand, for the honor of the faith and the name of him who taught among the Galilean hills. The imperial troops, the hired ruffians of the Hapsburgs, make attack after attack on the walls, amid a hell of smoke and flame, and flashing steel; and at last the city falls. Then comes a picture among the foulest and most evil of the earth's long, bad annals. There were not soldiers only in the besieged city of Magdeburg; there rich men and poor, quiet workers, and followers of a hundred peaceful arts. They had their wives and children, and their homes, dear to them as their own souls; they had fair-headed boys and girls, with the morning of life yet young in them. The imperial bands of the Hapsburgs made war alike against all; slaying equally the children and the soldiers, and overwhelming in vile cruelty and abominable wrong all that was most helpless and innocent. Such was the horror of the scene that the nobler hearts of the assailants sickened within them, and they would have put an end to the cruelty and deep shame. Not so the chosen commander, confidant of the House of Hapsburg: "Wait yet an hour," he said: "let the soldier be repaid for the toils he has undergone." In that hour, even the boundless cruelty of lust, the boundless lust of cruelty, was sated, and the fair city was wrapped in flames, in the name of the Redeemer. The crimson wrath of fire ended what the red rain of blood had begun; and the burning city drove all fugitives forth from their hiding-places of fear. They had better have endured the tender mercy of the flames. Bodies writhing on spikes, cast into the Elbe, or pressed back gashed and mutilated into the flames, bodies young and old, strong or helpless, children, and women, and men; and in that day thirty thousand passed through red ruin and death, that the Hapsburgs might do honor to their faith.

As the kneeling Emperor watched these things, flashing before him in terribly vivid dream pictures, where the horrors of years were crowded into an hour, his soul died within him, and his heart refused longer to look on the handiwork of his race.

"Have mercy, Father," he cried ; "it is enough ; the utmost punishment, here and hereafter, could not atone for deeds like these."

And pressing his brow on the black cloth of the altar, he thought of his own life, and all the deeds now seen to be wrong and evil, that had filled it. The wrongs of Italy ; women of noble birth stripped and scourged in the streets, by the orders of his generals ; the long revelry of red war among the Magyars ; the promises of liberty made to his own Austrians, only to be broken ; the towering ambition that had lost for him the imperial suzerainty at Sadowa ; the strife of rival nations, all entrusted to his care, but finding no peace or faithful guidance into the haven of mutual tolerance. An Empire, the House of Hapsburg in the death throes.

And as he saw all this with the clear vision of the soul, all ambition and lust of rule died within him ; and his heart was empty, and desolate, and full of fear. And one thought alone filled him, the longing to flee to some quiet haven of rest and oblivion, to be done with it all ; to forget, to sink into the silence and the darkness.

Then once more it seemed to him that a quiet voice spoke to him from the silver crucifix, yet echoing within his heart.

"There is no refuge or hope in fleeing. What the Hapsburgs have sown, the Hapsburgs have reaped. The time is full. The judgment is set. The books are opened."

Then long silence, and again the same voice speaking, this time full of gentleness and peace :

"Be not too greatly cast down, nor fear that the doom is everlasting. These things were fated so, and what the Hapsburgs did, all men, even their victims, would willingly have done. They were the children of the evil times, not the makers of them. It was ordained that men should find their

way to peace, and mutual knowledge, and trust, through turning back in revulsion from the contraries of these : injustice, cruelty, and strife. Therefore strife ruled, until all hearts are weary of it, and cruelty carried suffering to all, so that all hearts learning the touch of pain, might withdraw that touch from others. What has been, was through the will of the Most High, who teaches souls immortal through the red lessons of war, as through the victories of loving-kindness and tender mercy. Life and death are but his breath, put forth over the souls of men, that they may learn.

"The times of strife are passing away, but they cannot altogether pass, until all men's hearts are softened by sorrow, for then only are they ready for joy. They must learn through strife, to be weary of strife, before they can come to touch each other's souls, drawing together, and living in a common life, and common greatness and love.

"All men's hearts shall feel the throbbing of each other, and all lives shall thereby be widened and made greater, each drinking in the vigor of all, that the earth and the heavens shall be too narrow to contain them, and I shall make for them a new heaven and a new earth, in the fulness of the cyclic times. Then shall men first know what life is, and what the soul is, and that all souls are one, perfected into One.

"But before that, many must yet pass through the old gray halls of sorrow. Many must suffer. Many must mourn. For their hearts are yet hard, and cruelty is on their lips. They are hardened into loneliness, and in loneliness they must learn their lesson.

"These things divide men's souls : the confusion of tongues, the confusion of colors, the confusion of race ; difference of faith separates them, but above all, the lust of ambition and pride in each man's heart. And among the nations entrusted to your care, are all these things : confusion of speech, confusion of race, confusion of faith, and, above all things, pride and ambition. Let this, then, be the task of reparation for the Hapsburgs : where they have sown strife, let them now

bring the heart's message of peace and good-will ; where they have led men against each other, let them now lead men together ; let them learn in their own hearts first, to put away ambition, and, instead, to draw in the power that comes from living in others' lives, the great power of the One Heart of Man. Let them use some of the influence so long used wrongly, to lead men's feet into the paths of peace, the ways of pleasantness, the gardens of joy. For these are men's heritage, peace, and power, and joy, not bitterness and strife. This is the task set for the Hapsburgs, that the wrong they have done may be forgotten. Gather courage, then, to begin the task ; for the time is come, the fields are ripe for the harvest. But the work will be long, and the burden heavy to bear."

There was once more silence, and the kneeling Emperor caught bright glimpses of days to come, like the distant snow-peaks flushing rosy in the dawn, but the valleys beneath were yet full of darkness, and his heart shrank before what might be in that darkness.

"Master," he cried, "I am very old, and very weary !"

And his head sank desolate, hopeless, on the black altar once again. Long he rested thus, in silence, as one who is very close to death and the great darkness. Then suddenly he started. The windows rang with a reverberation as of thunder. The cannon were sounding for his Jubilee.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

Flushing, N. Y.

METEMPSYCHOSIS.

Dear, when I see you as today, before your great desk sitting,
And o'er the paper busily I watch your swift pen flitting;
As at your glance of mild surprise, your "hush" and soft kiss
tender,

I drop my cheek against your sleeve, my husband, my defender,

I sit and muse in large content, till fitful waves of fancy
Float o'er my soul, a silver flood of Puck's own necromancy.
How came this warm companionship! this perfect, perfect
molding

Of each to each, with some new charm for each glad day's un-
folding?

Dear, in some garden old, were we twin apple-blossoms blowing?
And did we nod there each to each, till with fruition glowing,
We kissed one day and fell away like witches-leaves, asunder—
And were you bruised, dear, as you fell? And was I sweet? I
wonder.

If next there were some tropic shore, some jungle deep and
dusky,

Where spotted leopards lashed their sides, with breathings hot
and husky,

If your great jowl were on my neck, my snarling mate, but
tender,

And if I stretched beside you there, lithe, tawny, sleek, and
slender?

And then, if in some desert land, a chief of Bedouin forces,
Of mounted legions, savage, fierce, and snowy Arab horses,
Rode swift to gain a fleeing bride, and crushed her with embraces
Till dawning of a human love burned in their shining faces.

I do not know, I cannot say, though oft in musings airy
I dream upon these themes of life, because some Fancy-Fairy
Slips soft a lump into my heart of her sweet harmless leaven:
I only know I'm sure of God, because I've lived in heaven.

—NANCY EATON WOODHOUSE.

OUR DAY.

And as Peter was coming in, Cornelius met him and fell down at his feet and worshiped him, and Peter took him by the hand, saying: "Stand up, I myself also am a man."—*Acts x. 25, 26.*

AS a boy I had a great love for great men. I have often paid my last dollar and last two bits to see one of them. I sauntered by the houses of Longfellow and Emerson several times before I made up my mind to go in. Longfellow received me as a human should, took me through the house, beautiful with books and pictures, and when I departed said, "Many people come here to see Washington's headquarters." He smiled. I think he knew that I came to see the creator of "Evangeline." Longfellow and Emerson did not disappoint me. Both were kind and gentle, and knew what I had come for. They were like their words, and level with their words. When in the Yosemite valley I saw the rock "El Capitan," I thought of Emerson—his forehead was a cliff. I made quite a journey to hear Wendell Phillips. I think Demosthenes, or Cicero, or Pericles would have been satisfied with Wendell Phillips. I did not see Thomas Carlyle. I have been to his places. I have missed seeing some people who would have disappointed me. I have seen some people great in their way, who have disappointed me. Sometimes it is better not to know an author whose books delight you. But I would experiment if I could on Robert Louis Stevenson, the best story teller, to my mind, of this generation. He is one of my latest heroes. To lie flat, when sentenced to death, and write stories of adventure that please the world, that is heroism. I could and can mingle in a cavalry charge for fifteen minutes, but to be unable to get out of bed, and write such a tale as "Treasure Island!" No, I would faintly call for some ice, broken fine, and meditate on eternity.

But there does come a sense of disillusion, a sense of incompleteness in all our saints and heroes. John Burroughs thinks that Ralph Waldo Emerson would have been larger if he had been a trifle coarser. His sympathy would have gone out more to sailors, and soldiers, and miners. He absented himself from the sight and sound of the miserable. Mr. Emerson felt this: He never posed as hero or saint! Once wishing to know what the other half were doing, he walked into a Boston barroom and observed. A man came in, put his left foot on the shiny rail and his elbow on the bar, and ordered a cocktail prepared. He took it down at one gulp and departed. Curious as to the composition and effect of the decoction, curious as to society in general, Mr. Emerson ordered some of the same that the gentleman had consumed. The barkeeper surveyed him—the face, the form, the dress—and he said, “Mr. Emerson, you do not want a cocktail, you want pop.”

Emerson is my delight. All that is good in my style, in writing, or speech, I received from him and my mother and myself. I was reared in a family where silence was gold, speech was silver. After supper we had an individual book, and an individual candle light, and an individual opportunity.

If one could braid Ralph Waldo Emerson with Theodore Parker, with John Brown, with Gladstone, with Robert Burns, and with Lincoln, then he would have a Navajo blanket that people would buy and be satisfied.

People have the defects of the qualities. Thomas Carlyle, discussing Jesus and Shakespeare, spoke of Jesus with extreme reverence, but said he had limitations. He laughed and said, “Jesus had no Sir John Falstaff in him.” There is humor in the Bible, but not much mirth. The perfect human never existed. In fact, we love a man better for a redeeming vice. We feel related to him. He is more like one of the family. How else do you explain the world-wide affection for Robert Burns?

I still love heroes, but not utterly. We carry about with us something by which we measure men and things. You

have a desire, a hope, an ideal, and you go about to find the thing in man to fill the bill. In former days a man would search the woods to find a natural crook for a scythe snath. He would not find what was in his mind, but he would find a stick that would do. The greatness of man is in the fact that he can always suggest something better than the thing as it is. There are millions of homes, but in this city there is much variety, and nobody is quite satisfied with the house he has built. One is not quite satisfied with Niagara Falls. Things and men fall short of your standard, and this standard that you carry about with you is not a memory. It is a hope, a prophecy. The only picture of heaven that I care about is a state and a place in which I can say, "I am satisfied." If I grow I shall never find that state or place, but I shall be larger myself.

Try to buy a horse; let your want be known. There is always something the matter with a horse, something that you could wish otherwise—temper, gait, color—something. Perhaps he interferes, or has one white eye, or is "tender for'd."

In California I saw a horse, "Palo Alto," a two-hundred thousand dollar horse, but he was of delicate constitution. Two months after I had seen him he was dead. In Western Kansas I rode seventy-six miles in eleven hours after a couple of little bronchos that would bring fifty dollars. Palo Alto could not do that day's work. Demosthenes was a great orator, but a small soldier. Colorado I find is a little too hot in the sun, and a little too cool in the shade. But I think we have to die to find a better climate. Personally I prefer to stay here rather than take a risk.

We think we remember perfect things, but historically we are mistaken. Happy childhood will not bear investigation. The woes of childhood are many and bitter. Fishing in Wisconsin I longed for dinner, and spied a lonesome house and made for it. Inside the house I found two people, a baby not able to walk, and a seven-year-old brother taking some kind of care of him. Both were weeping. I inquired

where the balance of the family were, and found that they had gone to Sparta, seven miles away, to a menagerie and circus. The baby did not understand, but he howled that something was dead wrong with that household. His brother understood, and to be expressive, was "chewing the rag." That little fellow was suffering as much as he will ever suffer. He wanted to hear the band play, and see the elephant go round, and the trick mule. I made him as comfortable as I could, paid him an enormous sum for bread and milk, and walked to town, and met the family coming home, and said nothing. A happy childhood is not so common. I do not wish to revisit mine; I much prefer to "go on, and on, and on." I like "The Old Swimmin' Hole," by James Whitcomb Riley, but I remember the boy who could not go with the rest of us cross lots through the grass. He had to go three times the distance by the main traveled road—he always had a stubbed big toe, not the nail wholly lifted off, but hanging by a piece of painful skin. No cross lots or grass for him! Will not somebody write on the sorrows of childhood?

I think we find that old homes will not bear revisiting. Everything has shrunk—rivers, and hills, and folks. By the grace of a friend I receive a Providence, R. I., monthly paper, called "Book Notes." I find that the water of that decent old city has been, and is, regularly poisoned. The water we drink (some of us) is ambrosia compared with the water used by the memorable city of Providence, R. I.

There is no use in going back to the coast of childhood or the coast of the country. What we could learn from New England we have learned. It is time now to put in practice what we have learned from Emerson, Channing, Parker, Phillips, and all the dead great of New England. Colorado is good soil if we will only make it moist with rain from the East, and perhaps from the Far East. If one goes far enough, the West and the East come together. The gentle, clean Hindu who talked to us in fine English, had something profitable to say. Very few that we have sent to his country

can talk to him in his language, or have anything to say when they talk.

I shall not consume much time over the past. I will take what it gives me. I read some of Plato, some of Shakespeare, some of Jesus Christ every day of my life, but this is our day. I dislike to think of Wordsworth reading over and over his own poems.

It is a new day—make a new poem suitable to the day. The best thing that Moses ever said was "Go forward." It is well enough to reverence dead saints and heroes, but do not sit down to do it.

Cornelius was a hero worshiper, but he mistook a way station for a terminus. Peter knew that he was only a way station; he would not be worshiped. He remembered his failings. All good deeds are but splinters of the True Cross.

Finally, do not hate human nature because it is wicked, do not despise it because it is weak, do not kneel to it because it is strong. Set not a man on a gibbet, nor in a shrine. Shall we who have evil in us notwithstanding our good, despise others? Shall we who have good in us notwithstanding our evil, despair of others? Human nature as we see it on the street and in the newspapers is not a hopeless thing, and it is not a finished thing. It is a blooming, growing thing. Says Emerson: "The new man must feel that he is new and has not come into the world mortgaged to the opinions and usages of Europe, and Asia, and Egypt." It is our day.

MYRON W. REED.

Denver, Colo.

UNDER THE ROSE.

A MODERN INSTANCE.

Some of my readers seem to imagine that my references to Eastern obtuseness concerning the West, in the article "East and West" in the December Arena, were overdrawn. Here is an excellent illustration of a common Eastern attitude. The sonnet, "Silver and Gold," which appeared in the January Arena, was originally sent by the author, from her home at Colorado Springs, to a leading Eastern magazine. It was returned with a polite intimation that the magazine did not desire to publish "poetry dealing with the currency question." The sonnet, as every reader will see at a glance, has really nothing to do with the currency question *per se*, being a variation of the familiar old legend in regard to the two knights who saw the varying sides of a shield from opposite points, — a story which has been used a thousand times, perhaps, to point the moral that there are always two sides to a question. The author of the sonnet long ago earned a reputation as one of our truest American poets; — her verses having appeared frequently in The Century and other leading publications, and her volume of "Sonnets to Sculpture" having received high praise at the hands of leading critics. Because the poem was sent from Colorado it was assumed that the plea for fair play was intended as a "silver argument"; but it is an amusing fact that Mrs. McClurg, although the wife of a strong bimetalist, is, without being a politician at all, a very honest believer in the gold standard.

* * * *

A valued Eastern correspondent and frequent contributor to the Arena writes his regret that I "feel obliged to stand for Imperialism." I most distinctly do not stand for Imperialism, and consider it unfortunate that the issue which is now very much to the fore seems likely to go

before the people in newspaper and platform discussion in the garb of an epithet. The term "Imperialism," as used by the opponents of the expansion policy, is as dishonest as was the phrase "dishonest money," in the last campaign. It is intended, by this phrase, to attach odium, not merely to the present administration, but to all honest advocates of America's assumption of her rightful place in world politics. It is assumed, all too readily, that there is no choice between a rigid adherence to the policy of Washington's Farewell Address and the Monroe Doctrine on the one hand, and to widespread military conquest and the domination and exploitation of the conquered peoples, after the fashion of England's colonial career, on the other. While thoughtful men, of every shade of political belief, must appreciate the dangers and duties incurred by the developments of the war, and while the methods and policy of the administration in many respects may call for wholesome criticism, it will be well for us to realize that the era of expansion which has dawned means an era of growth for the nation, and for the people who compose the nation, in many wise and beautiful ways. That the United States should repeat, in the West Indies, or the East Indies, or in China, the history of England in India, should be simply impossible; indeed, thoughtful students of the great question of the control of the tropics, like Benjamin Kidd, have pointed out clearly that, for England as well as America, a new spirit and new motives must govern the Anglo-Saxon in these countries; that is to say, the control and direction of the enormous natural resources of the West Indies, the islands of the Pacific, and the continent of Asia, must be undertaken and carried forward as a trust for humanity. The fears that we shall, at this late day, repeat the mistakes of Rome, of England, or of Spain, in the matter of colonial government, are for the most part groundless. Where they are not in the nature of political bugaboos, put forward with intent to confuse the popular mind, they are the result, it seems to me, of short-sighted and inadequate grasp of the situation that has so suddenly arisen. My readers will note, however, that the

pages of The Arena present with judicial impartiality the best to be said on either side of the question.

* * * *

**GOVERNOR
PINGREE'S
MESSAGE.**

People who can see beyond the ends of their noses will probably find something more than a straw indicative of the direction of the political wind in Governor Pingree's remarkable message. He well says that "there is no feature of our time which should so alarm the patriot as that which confronts us on all sides, in the rapid concentration of all the productive energies of the nation in the hands of overgrown corporations, or multiple corporations, called Trusts." He traces the beginning of this process, which, during the year 1898, was exemplified in a larger degree than ever before in our history, to private control of such natural monopolies as the means of transportation and intercommunication, viz., the railroads, telegraph lines, and telephones. He sees the same cloud of centralized ownership and control spreading over the means of movement on our interior waters, "where floats, and must float for many years to come, the chief part of the American merchant marine." He brings the great issue squarely before the people when he says, "Short of government ownership and control of these quasi-public functions, no means are yet apparent, adequate to prevent their rapid concentration in a few hands, and at one great center of wealth." The utter inadequacy of the attempts to control the growth of trusts and other like combinations by congressional legislation is plainly pointed out, a formidable list of new trusts organized during the period of such legislation being set forth in this message. "Government ownership of railroads," he says, in closing this part of the message, "is the only equitable and permanent solution of the great questions arising out of railway transportation. This proposition is just in principle, and the experience of countries where railroads are operated by the state proves that it is practical." Significant, also, of a possible new alignment of parties is Governor Pin-

gree's declaration that he has always been a loyal republican, and is a republican still, but that he "prefers to believe that the republicanism of Abraham Lincoln is superior to that of the more modern type." Those readers—and they are not few—who were inclined to the view that my account of the development of a sectional feeling in the West, that endangered the permanency of the Union, was exaggerated, will find that view more than confirmed in Governor Pingree's declaration that "the centralization of ownership and control threatens a new sectionalism, more dangerous than that which led to the War of the Rebellion. . . . It is only a question of time—and not so very long a time, either—when the East shall have sopped up, as with a sponge, the whole surplus wealth of this nation. What discontent, what jealousy, may we not then expect to grow in the hearts of the population of the other sections, to possibly precipitate another civil war." Long ago, when Governor Pingree, then Mayor of Detroit, took the initiative in the direction of municipal expansion, which has since been followed by one city after another, I pointed out, in reform gatherings, the fact that he was a man who would be heard from, and who could be trusted. As he says in this latest message, his republicanism is not of the Hanna stamp, but of the Lincoln stamp. It is very certain that, if Lincoln were alive today, he would not be in the republican party, as it now exists. It is also very certain that a vast majority of those who now find themselves opposed to the policy and program of the republican party could, with Governor Pingree, proclaim themselves republicans of the Lincoln stamp. If the issue in the next presidential election should be, *The Corporations versus The People*, the democracy may find a worthy standard bearer in the one man in the United States who has done more to curb and restrain corporation greed—at the same time giving practical expression to his devotion to the popular welfare,—than any other dozen men in the country put together.

**THE ISSUE
IN 1900.**

Recent developments plainly indicate a very distinct change of mind on the part of the administration and its supporters concerning the issue to be made in the next presidential election. As Mr. George Fred Williams very ably points out in his article, "Currency Reform," in this issue of *The Arena*, the powers behind the present administration had fixed upon a carefully considered plan, by which the real object of the gold standard should be attained. That object, as Mr. Williams now shows, was nothing more or less than a complete bank monopoly of the circulating medium. The fact that the McCleary bill, which, before the assembling of Congress, it was distinctly understood should be pushed through during the present session, has now been practically withdrawn, indicates a radical change of front on the whole question. It looks very much as if this particular scheme had been so vigorously exposed during the fall campaign that the administration had become alarmed. A new issue is badly needed, and, desiring to evade going before the country on the burning and vital issue of monopoly rule, another is to be manufactured. That is what all this talk about "Imperialism" means, when sifted down. Friends of the popular cause should not be misled into taking the apparent split in the republican ranks too seriously. It is now quite well understood that Senator Hoar's magnificent oratorical effort is to be taken in a Pickwickian sense. He himself has declared that, while opposing the alleged imperialistic policy of the President, he should vote for the ratification of the treaty of peace, by which the United States acquires sovereignty over the Philippines. The treaty of peace is really the only tangible presentation of any policy regarding our new possessions put forward by the administration, and for which senatorial approval is asked. So with other speeches and resolutions, on both sides of the Senate. Senators identified with what is called the anti-expansion policy have, nevertheless, fathered resolutions declaring that "the Filipinos are, and of right ought to be, free and independent," etc., etc. What is

this, if not expansion, in the only sense of the word possible to this republic? To superstitious minds, an incident of Colonel Bryan's recent visit to Denver will appear ominous. While devoting himself to an attack on "Imperialism," the platform gave way under his feet. Yet it is by no means certain that the democratic champion has been trapped by the farce going on in Washington. In a letter to Richard Croker of New York, recently published, he most emphatically and decidedly declares that while he lives he will not abandon his devotion to the cause of free silver coinage, as the issue of paramount importance. It is early, yet, to say just what shape the issue will take in next year's conventions. The next national democratic platform is yet to be written, and whether or not the demand for free silver coinage shall occupy the leading place in it will depend to a very great extent on the logic of events. The precise nature of the republican platform will also be conditioned by the chapter of accidents. All that can safely be predicted is, that if each of the great parties still follows the lines of evolution by which they have so far been differentiated, the Chicago platform will be developed further in the direction of the widest possible recognition of the rights of the people as opposed to the privileges of trusts and monopolies; and of the worker's right to employment, and to a minimum wage based on the wholesome American standard of living, as opposed to relentless exploitation of labor for the purpose of dividends. No one can doubt that on the republican side the development will continue to be, as it has been in recent years, in the direction of compromise and expediency. As the successful candidate of the party had no hesitation in sacrificing and suppressing his own real views on the currency question, and in lending himself to the purposes of the trusts, so he will not hesitate to twist the new issues raised by the results of the war with Spain, in the interest of perpetuating his party's lease of power.

Several valued correspondents express
"HONEST" surprise and indignation, aroused by a sen-
"MONEY." tence in Dr. Gordon's article on "The
Real America," in the December Arena.

With several of our friends, indeed, it appears as if the good Doctor's words were taken as an intentional insult to the intelligence and good faith of the nearly six millions of his fellow-citizens who voted for Bryan. The sentences referred to are as follows: "The financial struggle of the autumn of 1896, and the victory for honest money, was a victory for all the people. The cause that won, the honor that was preserved, and the confidence that was renewed in us as a nation throughout the world, belonged to all the people." It should be quite unnecessary for me to say that I most emphatically disagree with the sentiment of these remarks, and that the author of the article is alone responsible for them. On the other hand, as, no doubt, expressing the honest opinion of a public teacher of otherwise broad and high ideals, and of wide influence, nothing could more strikingly illustrate the point made in my own article on "East and West," concerning the utter obtuseness and arrogance of the average Eastern man concerning the West and its people. These remarks were allowed to appear without objection, also, because such hospitality on the part of The Arena must clearly demonstrate the genuineness of my purpose to make it an absolutely independent and impartial review, open to fair, courteous, and dignified discussion of every side of important questions. There are those who might raise the question as to whether or not the implication of dishonesty and dishonor on the part of Mr. Bryan and his followers did not pass the line of courtesy. It is worth while, perhaps, that the question should be brought up, and that Dr. Gordon, and thousands of other well-intentioned men like him in the East, should question their consciences on this point.

**THE SPIRIT
OF
THOMAS PAINE.**

January 29 was Paine's birthday, and I think *The Arena's* readers are distinctly to be congratulated on my good fortune in obtaining from that brilliant and forceful pioneer of liberal thought, Dr. Moncure D. Conway, the article in this number on "The Americanism of Thomas Paine." In the present crisis of the nation's history, there are certainly very valuable lessons to be learned from the author of "Common Sense" and "The Crisis." Because he declared "the world" to be his country, "and to do good his religion," Paine has never been fully accorded the place to which his devotion and services justly entitle him, among the fathers of the Republic. Washington himself, it will be remembered, acknowledged most gracefully that the success of the American cause in the War for Independence was due more to Thomas Paine's pen than to his own sword. We are only just beginning to realize what Americanism really stood for in the mind of Paine, and why the system he was so greatly instrumental in establishing on this continent embodied a meaning and a mission far beyond mere political or geographical limitations. When we have grown a little further, we will commemorate the birthday of Thomas Paine, not merely because he was a liberal thinker, a foe to superstition, a champion of human rights in any iconoclastic sense, but also because in his life and work he embodied the spirit of true Americanism, in the large and positive sense. When that day comes, we shall not be alone in honoring his memory, for England and France owe to Paine almost as much as does America. It is interesting in this connection to know that Dr. Conway is now in Paris superintending the translation of his monumental *Life of Thomas Paine*, by the eminent historical writer, Félix Rabbe.

As this issue of The Arena goes to press, the telegraph announces the passage into the invisible of Myron W. Reed. To many men and women all over this broad

land, the news will come with inevitable sadness. Although during the last three or four years Mr. Reed's health has at no time been robust, his brave spirit battled so heroically, and appeared to triumph so frequently, that his friends had all begun to hope that many years of usefulness were still before him. It is too soon to estimate with any degree of definiteness the work that he did, or the place that he earned in the American pulpit; for that, the perspective of years is necessary. What is certain is, that the death of no other single man in the whole inter-mountain country would have caused such deep and universal grief. Taking into account the differences in population, Myron Reed has preached to larger gatherings of people, Sunday after Sunday, during the last fifteen years, in Denver, than any other preacher in the United States. His eloquence, however, was never attuned to catch the ear of the groundlings. Through good and evil report, through struggle and persecution, he held steadfast to the highest, noblest, and broadest ideals. Practical in his religion, he did much for the new movement which is carrying the spirit of true Christianity into our civic life. The Golden Rule was the measure he applied to political parties, plans, and programs. Master of a pointed, brilliant, and epigrammatic style, his every sentence seemed winged with a love that reached deep into the heart of humanity. Ever the friend of progress and of greater freedom, the West owes much to his genuine sympathy and untiring efforts in behalf of every forward movement. Like Carlyle, he became in latter years a radical of the reddest. His courageous attitude regarding social questions cost him the church in which he had labored during the best years of his life, and with it friends, position, and income, so that at an age when the comfort of an assured competency means much to a man, he found himself almost penniless and alone. It was only

for a short time, however, for his personality was one that could not fail to furnish a rallying point for liberal thinkers, and the unattached of every school; so that during the last three or four years of his life, in the Broadway Theater, he preached to larger congregations than ever before, and exerted a constantly increasing influence in the affairs of the community in which he continued the most conspicuous figure. Only a year ago he refused a very handsome offer from a California congregation, although the rigors of the Denver winters had begun to tell on a constitution undermined during his service in the Civil War. And his followers, while numerous, were too poor to support him at all adequately, on the financial side. He was much interested in the Civic Church which I started in Denver two years ago, and alone among the ministers of the city stood forward and championed it as the church of the future. The article "Our Day," in this issue of *The Arena*, was revised by him a short time before his last illness, and is a delightfully characteristic specimen of his quality. A volume of his addresses at the Broadway Temple, recently published under the title "Temple Talks," will be reviewed in the next issue of *The Arena*.

* * * *

**THE STRUGGLE
ACROSS
THE WATER.**

Corollary to the truth expressed by Paine in his introduction to "Common Sense": "The cause of America is the cause of all mankind," is the truth that the cause of all mankind is peculiarly the cause of America and of Americans, in these closing years of the nineteenth century. From the standpoint of the American, in this true sense, every reader of *The Arena* will surely find food for thought in Mr. Tonjoroff's masterly review of the present movement in Europe. It is a bit curious that the first of a regular series of such reviews of the month abroad, from a writer thoroughly informed as to the trend of European politics, should, on being summed up, fit admirably under the title, "The Struggle

for Absolutism." That is what it all means. Whatever passing shape it may assume, and in whatever part of the Old World, all the events described and discussed are parts of the great human tragedy which express the aspiration of the race toward greater freedom. In no arrogant or self-sufficient spirit are we to judge the struggle abroad. We have not quite ended the same struggle on the American continent. The difference between Absolutism in the robes of Royalty, and Absolutism in the guise of political parties dominated by the selfish interests of politicians and monopolists, is a difference only in name. We must awake to the dangers at home, if we would not see ourselves reduced to the condition of the masses in Europe. Some realizing sense of just what that condition is, its causes, and their working out, must surely tend to rouse and strengthen us for the contest at home.

* * *

**ROOSEVELT
IN THE
CAMPAIGN OF
1896.**

Passing reference was made in my article "East and West" in the December Arena to a report that just prior to the election of November 1896, Theodore Roosevelt had threatened, in the event of Bryan's success, to organize and lead a regiment to Washington to prevent the inauguration of the silver candidate. A reader of The Arena, copying this reference, and therefore placing it out of its proper connection in the article, sent it to Governor Roosevelt, asking if it were true that he had made such a threat, to which Governor Roosevelt promptly replied that "the statement is a peculiarly base lie." For the information of other of The Arena's readers in the East, to whom this alleged foolishness may also be news, I want to say that this particular campaign lie, as it now appears, went the rounds of the Western press, and was extensively commented on during the campaign of 1896. Although a close and regular reader of Denver and Chicago dailies, I failed to come across any refutation or disclaimer of the story, and accordingly assumed that it had a basis in

truth. I am very glad indeed that it had not. Every admirer, not merely of Roosevelt, but of true Americanism, should be glad that, even in the heat and rancor of partisan politics, so representative an American as Theodore Roosevelt was not guilty of the utterance imputed to him. Of course, far worse things were said about Bryan and other leaders of the Democracy during that eventful campaign, and it would be strange indeed, if all the lying were on one side. This, however, does not affect in the slightest degree my desire, here and now, to make the *amende honorable*, by the fullest and sincerest apology for giving even passing mention to a report which seems to have been unfounded.

* * * *

**A MODERN
PRODIGAL.**

I am reminded of the part played by that remarkable scion of the House of Orleans who abandoned the royal style and ducal title, adopted the name "Citizen Egalité," and espoused the cause of the Red Revolutionists, even to his death, by the appearance of Mr. Oliver Hazard Perry Belmont in the rôle of editor of an anti-monopoly paper called "The Verdict." It certainly seems as if Mr. Belmont had sickened of the swine and the husks, and with perhaps some quickening consciousness of the heroic blood of those naval heroes, Hazard and Perry, to whom he is related on the mother's side, is at last claiming his birthright, as a genuine American. "'The Verdict,'" he says in his salutatory, "favors the Income Tax, as a measure at once honest, fair, equal, and just to all. 'The Verdict' is in earnest favor of cutting the claws of corporations [greatest wonder of all]; 'The Verdict' is in favor of the city owning its own street franchises, and does not endorse the surrender of its thoroughfares, rentless and priceless, to become mere hunting-grounds of money for monopolies." This sounds well. Coming from the erstwhile spoiled darling of New York society, the millionaire member of a banking-house which has been for many years the American agency of the Rothschilds, and a man hardly suspected; heretofore, of any serious purpose

in life, it is certainly cause for rejoicing. His elder brother, Perry Belmont, a few years ago, seemed likely to turn in this direction, evincing decidedly more liking for politics than for finance, and beginning what promised to be a brilliant career in the national legislature, by his masterly defeat of the "Plumed Knight of Maine," in the famous investigation of the Peruvian Company. But it now seems as if the younger brother was to embrace the magnificent opportunity sacrificed by the elder when he walked out of the Chicago Convention of 1896 with Governor Flower, William C. Whitney, and other eastern Democratic leaders identified with corporation interests.

* * * *

**IS THE
FARMER
WAKING UP?**

Word comes of a movement, quietly spreading in the West, to form a National Farmers' Party, intended, primarily, to give fuller representation to agricultural interests in State legislatures and in the national Congress. Simultaneously, I have received a five-column, broadside sheet, headed in black, scare type, "The Voice of the Farmer." This sheet contains articles alleged to have been taken from representative agricultural papers in all parts of the country. As stated in the large "scare head," these editorials show the voice of the American farmer to be "solidly against imperialism and annexation." Although attributed to many and various sources, there is a suspicious sameness, not only in the sentiment, but in the style of these editorials. The scattering broadcast of this sort of literature also suggests the reorganization of the literary bureau, which during the last five or six years has been flooding the country with printed matter, upholding what is euphemistically termed "Sound Money." It is the dear farmer, now, who is to be led by the nose to vote for the G. O. P., in the interest of better prices for potatoes and turnips, and to resist the demoralizing effects of the pauper cultivation of mangoes and aguacates, in the West Indies and the Philippines. About all the fat seems

to have been fried out of the manufacturers; the bankers evidently do not propose to put up for goods whose delivery seems uncertain; and, as a last resort, the horny-handed son of toil on the farm will be called on to "save the nation's honor." The transformation is at least amusing.

* * * *

A valued correspondent writes me that
MEXICAN PROSPERITY. some years ago, foreseeing the result of falling prices and depressed business, he settled up his affairs on this side of the Rio Grande and went to Mexico — "the only country enjoying a liberal government and a sufficient money volume in circulation." "Here," he says, "despite the legacies of Spanish misrule, is found prosperity and progress. Thousands of Americans are coming, and unless the bondholders succeed in forcing Mexico to the gold standard, it will in the near future be the richest and happiest country in the world." What American influence, enterprise, energy, and protection has done for Mexico, they will surely do for Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the Philippines. Action and reaction being equal, it looks very much as if Mexico had begun to repay us in her demonstration of the profit and practicability of a non-monopolistic currency.

P. T.

BOOK REVIEWS.

"VIBRATION the Law of Life," by W. H. Williams,* contains "a system of vital gymnastics with practical exercises in harmonic breathing and movement." The author has expressed a great truth in this book; he has stated it in clear, smooth-flowing language, and with the emphasis of strong conviction. Moreover, the book has a spiritual quality which produces an uplifting effect upon the reader. Its central thought, that of entering into harmony with the motion or rhythm of life, is, indeed, the way *par excellence* of escaping from human ills. The first step is through right breathing, and this is deemed so important that all efforts at development should begin with it; until man, himself a mode of motion, shall rise through the various forms of motion to the spiritual or spiral form. While some might doubt the adequacy of the theory of the universe here proposed, and the methods advocated, it is evident that the book is sound as far as it goes; that here is a part, at least, of the great secret of the universe. We recommend the book particularly to those who are interested in either the atomic or vibratory theory, and to those who are seeking to harmonize mental and physical methods of development and cure. The author's wisdom is alleged to come through an exalted spirit who tells him the great truths of man's relation to the solar system and to universal movement, that he may benefit humanity thereby. But the reader may either accept or reject this portion of the book, since its doctrine is made to speak for itself. And whatever one may think of this supposed communication, the book is surely one of the most rational works yet issued in its special field.

*Boston, The Temple Publishing Company, 176 pp., cloth, \$1.00.

ELECTRIC COSMOLOGY.

It is an ungracious task to dispute a man's claim to originality, but when an author labels a theory "new," and puts it forth as his own, he challenges unsparing criticism. "The New Cosmogony, or The Electric Theory of Creation," by G. W. Warder,* is so nearly like "The Philosophy of Electrical Psychology," published by J. B. Dodds, in 1850,† that the most superficial reader would note the resemblance, which is so marked that every proposition in the new book can be paralleled from the old. The author has brought the theory up to date, and discusses Marie Corelli's electrical story, "The Romance of Two Worlds," Theosophy, Christian science, and recent exact science. But here, also, he borrows so freely that he deserves little credit for originality.

METAPHYSICAL VERSE.

In "Songs of Destiny," Julia P. Dabney‡ has embodied very clear conceptions of the New Thought in form worthy of it. The following is typical of her dainty touch:

"Heard ye my sigh
 Wakened mysteriously
 Out of eternal space?
 From the midnight's bosom deep,
 From the arms of sleep,
 Wafted it knoweth nor
 Whence nor why:
 Gift with the grace
 Of celestial space;
 Soft as unuttered note
 That low in the fledgeling's throat
 Hovereth, hovereth;
 Faint as a breath
 Of roses as they die—
 Heard ye my sigh?"

It is not often one can say unqualifiedly of modern verse, This is poetry. But every poem in this volume is worth

* New York, G. W. Dillingham.

† See The Journal of Practical Metaphysics, May, 1897.

‡ New York; E. P. Dutton & Co. 12mo. 180 pages. \$1.25.

quoting, every one is rich in lofty sentiment and purity of spirit. The poet seems to have caught the inspiration of the "Portuguese Sonnets" and the optimism of Robert Browning. Love, gentle and eternal, speaks throughout the poet's verse, suggesting the soul's reality, its happy destiny.

"And love asks little of the perfect love,
So silence falling doth in essence prove
The soul's profoundest union, fathomless!"

Those who have felt the touch of the modern scientific spirit, no less than devotees of the New Thought, will find their own wisdom given back to them, many advanced ideas here receiving for the first time genuine literary form.

LITERARY NOTES.

"Sexual Law, and the Philosophy of Perfect Health,"* is a pamphlet on the creative principle in the universe, based on the theory that everything is ultimately masculine and feminine; that love is the supreme power, and its individuality is sex. It is earnest in its appeal for the development of individuality, and will be especially welcomed by readers of "The Free Man," edited by the author.

Among the important announcements of books soon to be issued by the Macmillan Company are: "The Missing Link," by Haeckel; the third and concluding volume of Professor Ratzel's "History of Mankind"; "Spinoza, his Life and Philosophy," by Sir Frederick Pollock; "The Development of English Thought," an economic study by Prof. S. N. Patten; "Democracy and Empire," by Professor Giddings; "The Distribution of Wealth," by Professor Clark of Columbia University; "The Shifting and Incidence of Taxation," by Professor Seligmann; "The Lessons of Popular Government," by Gamaliel Bradford; "The Government of Municipalities," by Hon. D. B. Eaton; "Democracy and the

* Sexual Law, C. W. Close. 16 pp.; 10 cents. 124 Birch Street, Bangor, Me.

Organization of Political Parties," by M. Ostrogoski; "The Theory of the Leisure Class," by T. B. Veblen.

In a little pamphlet entitled "Medical Monopoly Exposed," Dr. J. W. Lockhart of St. John, Washington, has spoken a vigorous word for freedom, the right of the people to adopt such healing methods as they choose, and the utter wrong of passing restrictive medical laws, uncalled for by the people, but urged upon them by the selfishness of the doctors. I am glad to learn of the existence of this strong appeal, and hope it will reach large numbers of people.

H. W. D.

SOCIAL PURITY.

A welcome message comes from one who appreciates the sacred joy, the rich possibilities of motherhood. To read "Ideal Motherhood"* means an upliftment of soul, a keener appreciation of woman's highest privilege. While presenting an ideal, the author does not carry it beyond the pale of the practical; she believes in the necessity of combining the masculine and feminine elements, the developed intellect and intuition, as commensurate factors in shaping the young life. "It has now become generally recognized that the well-rounded man has the love or feminine side developed, and the all-round woman has her reasoning faculties awakened and trained ready to serve her. In the true home, the energy and thought of the husband is softened by tender love; the affection of the wife is made strong and enduring by her intellectual perception of her duties and privileges. The tremendous mistake is the idea that while woman must be pure, man can be less than pure. Is it not of more vital consequence that the idea of husband and father be rescued from its present hazy thought-environment, and placed upon the high scroll of life beside the words of wife and mother?" It is especially gratifying to read the earnest plea for the necessity of teaching boys and girls the meaning and use of the sex nature, that they may enter the marriage relation pre-

*"Ideal Motherhood." Minnie S. Davis. 34 pp. 35 cents. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York and Boston.

pared to use rather than abuse this precious creative gift. "They have studied physiology; but everything pertaining to sex-life has been omitted in the course, and so they are profoundly ignorant of the sacred mystery of generation." Had this point been treated at greater length, it would emphasize a vital principle now very generally disregarded and degraded. For here is the keynote of ideal motherhood—yes, of parenthood. The same ring of common sense is perceptible in stating the necessity of woman's freedom: "Only free women can bring forth free children. And where will you show me truly free women? The mother should be free in body, mind, and heart, free in the inmost sense of that word." The book is equally suggestive throughout and worthy of heartiest commendation.

THE ETHICS OF SHAKESPEARE.

As a pioneer, Mr. W. D. Simonds* has written five sermons in which he "seeks in Shakespeare the soul of virtue"; to speak from the pulpit a message "inspired by the beauties and high moralities of Shakespeare"; and to popularize "the rich inheritance, the choice product of the best four centuries the race has known." The author seeks to fulfil his purpose by "embarking freely upon the ocean of truth; to listen to every word of God-like genius as a whisper of the Holy Ghost." These moral lessons are suggested by a study of noble Brutus, faithful Cordelia, faultless Desdemona, destiny-driven Hamlet, Lady Macbeth. The sermons are based on ethics rather than on pure theology; as such, they appeal to the closing nineteenth century mind, one of whose criteria is rationality. "A moral universe governed by law is Shakespeare's supreme lesson. What folly to ask for a religion that can set aside God's law of cause and effect in the human soul!" In every one of these addresses the author exhibits a bold originality of thought, and his style is genuinely eloquent and effective.

*"Sermons from Shakespeare." William Day Simonds, 109 pp. Alfred C. Clark & Co. Chicago.

SOCIAL QUARANTINE.

A fresh proof of the growth of scientific study of the education problem comes from the pen of Horace Fletcher: "That Last Waif; or, Social Quarantine."* That the author sends out his book from purely altruistic motives is frequently evidenced in the earnest appeals of its pages. Mr. Fletcher pleads for "social quarantine" as a solution of the social conditions menacing our nation. Beginning, rationally, near the root of present difficulties, Mr. Fletcher first points out the deplorable condition of "the waifs" of our large cities; the prevalence of immorality and crime. He argues sensibly and forcefully that the care of the very young, the establishment of good habits during the impressionable age, is more efficacious than correction after negative habits are formed. "Conscience is character, and anything that helps to dull conscience helps to kill character; and, as character is the only firm foundation on which a republic can stand, indifference to neglect is an influence which must wash away, in time, the very foundations of liberty and happiness."

The truth of irremedial hereditary taint is denied. The idea of the necessity of a "Have-to-be-bad" class is false.

What is Social Quarantine? "Social Quarantine means throwing a perfect cordon of care around tender souls coming into a nation or community so that none shall escape contact with the wholesome suggestions and adequate nourishment that are essential to growth and habit-forming according to the best intelligence of the Science of Child-Life. Social Quarantine requires the extension of the crèche and the kindergarten systems, and the provision of parental farms and manual-training schools to meet all needs, and it promises in return a crop of material for good citizenship whose character and efficiency shall save at least one-fourth of all taxation, and add a proportionate percentage to the productive equipment of society."

* Kindergarten Literature Company, Chicago. 267 pages. \$1.50

While establishing "protection for helpless infancy during the period of present neglect," effective attention should be given to the victims of the "sweating system" and similar evils. "The duty of social quarantine is to seek out the children of the greatest need first, and work back through the strata of misfortune to those of fortune." This plea is based on the score of duty to children, "the innocent and helpless guests of the nation." On the score of economy, also, the necessity of quarantine is strong. "There is no present excuse for neglect on account of cost or inability to reach them with effective methods of character-building. The success of the kindergarten system has proved the cost to be insignificant in comparison with other branches of government or education. That it should be considered the most important branch of government we reiterate, because it is actually the nursery of good citizenship." The book is well worth the careful attention of all who are interested in "the waifs" and, through them, in the nation at large.

A. R. D.

OPTIMISM CONDENSED.

"All's Right with the World," by Charles B. Newcomb,† is a well-made volume in every sense of the word, broad-margined, well-spaced; the Sphinx on the cover it is true, but the beams of a rising sun behind it, token that all questions the mysterious figure has so long refused to answer are at last to have light at its fullest thrown upon them. The book is the work of a cultivated, broad-minded man of large social as well as general experience, who finds in the best form of mental science a solution for many problems. Common sense, geniality, firm faith, and hope as firm, are the characteristics of the book, and the pleasant pages hold many an aphorism worth quotation — many a thought that might easily expand into a sermon.

H. C.

† Cloth, 12mo. Pages 261. \$1.50. Geo. H. Ellis, Boston.

A MANUAL OF PRACTICAL METHODS.



VIBRATION

THE

LAW OF LIFE.

A System of Vital Gymnastics, with Practical Exercises in Harmonic Breathing and Movement.

By W. H. WILLIAMS.

THE new thought has passed beyond the stage when vague and glittering generalities can be accepted as sufficient statement. We must have the practical, especially in instruction, and its methods must be simply and clearly stated. The present work is practical. It gives methods for the realization of the oneness of soul and body, and of harmonious development on both the spiritual and physical planes, in language easily understood. The importance of the book can hardly be overestimated. It is the product of a soul, who, after years of preparation—through experience, trials, struggle, and conquest, was able to yield himself up, even as a little child, to light and leading, whose high source is plainly evidenced in the book itself.

8vo, cloth, 176 pages. Price, \$1.25.

Sent postpaid to any address in the Universal Postal Union, on receipt of price, by

The Temple Publishing Company,

PIERCE BUILDING, COPLEY SQUARE,

BOSTON, MASS.

The Arena SCHOLARSHIP.

EXTENSION OF TIME.

IN order to include contestants at a distance, who might otherwise be debarred through the lateness of the December issue, THE ARENA COMPANY has decided to extend the last date set for the reception of notifications from those desiring to enter the contest for the

One Thousand Dollar Scholarship

From January 15, 1899, to

MARCH 15, 1899.

This scholarship is offered to the boy or girl sending in the largest number of subscriptions during the next six months. This extension of time is made because it is desired to give ample time to **EVERY BOY AND GIRL IN THE UNITED STATES** to take advantage of THE ARENA'S splendid offer of a

✿ COLLEGIATE EDUCATION ✿

literary, technical, or industrial, including TUITION, BOARD, AND OTHER SUPPLIES, to the amount of

One Thousand Dollars in Cash.

To be deposited with the Trustees of the selected college,
to the credit of the successful contestant.

SEND IN YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS NOW.

Begin work at once, as every day will count in your chances of winning.

Work for an Education. { This is what it will mean
to work for the Scholarship. } Work for a Future.

THE ARENA COMPANY will help you in every way by supplying circulars, sample copies, and blank subscription lists. Address:

THE ARENA COMPANY,

Circulation Department.

Copley Square, Boston, Mass.

A Magazine with a Definite Purpose.

ARE YOU A SUBSCRIBER TO

THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE**A Monthly Periodical of LITERATURE****Religious, Scientific, Philosophic, Psychic, and Occult.***Edited by LEANDER EDMUND WHIPPLE.***If not, Send 50 Cents for 3 months, \$1.00 for 6 months, or \$2.00 for a year's trial subscription. Single Copy, 25 Cents.**

THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE deals in the broadest possible manner with all subjects pertaining to the advancement of the present age, so apparent in every department of investigation, in all phases of life, and in which every one is becoming interested.

These varied subjects are treated in the most trustworthy manner, by the best writers of the day, from all parts of the world.

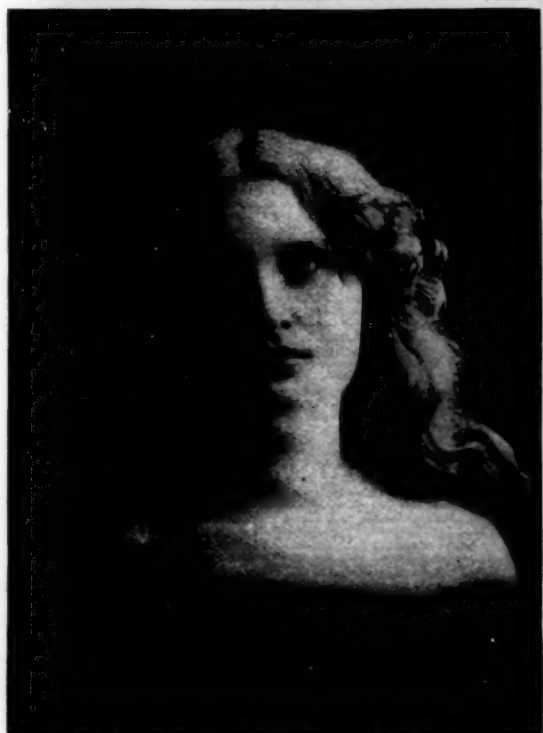
It is an authority on the subjects of Mental Healing and Psychic Phenomena, and enters deeply into all phases of true Spiritual Philosophy.

It is the leading Magazine of the day, in these lines.

To be without it, is to be behind the times.

TRY IT.


ISSUED BY

The METAPHYSICAL PUBLISHING CO., 465 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.**WE WANT YOU
TO READ****Girls**

A dainty, new monthly magazine,
illustrated with portraits of its
prettiest subscribers.

PALMISTRY. FICTION. DRAMA.**5c. A COPY;****50c. A YEAR.**

GIRLS PUBLISHING CO.,
Times-Herald Building,
CHICAGO.

 Ask your newsdealer to
show you a copy, or order
direct from the publishers.

Current Literature

\$3.00 a Year.
25c. a Number.

I would have CURRENT LITERATURE if it cost me \$5.00 each month instead of 25 cents. In CURRENT LITERATURE I get more for the money than from any other investment I ever made. I am astounded that you can find so much that is good, that is bright, that is entertaining. Indeed, one would be a glutton to wish for more.—PAUL D. REESE, Rome, Ga.

I have enjoyed the present number of CURRENT LITERATURE through and through. It is a mine of entertainment. I read very little, but I read IT.—LLOYD MIFFLIN, February 26, 1898.

SPECIAL OFFER.

Mention THE ARENA, send 25 cents, and you will receive a three months' trial subscription to CURRENT LITERATURE.

Address

CURRENT LITERATURE

Bryant Building, 55 Liberty Street, New York.

For mutual advantage please mention THE ARENA when writing to advertisers.

New Books.

SONGS OF DESTINY.

Poems Metaphysical and Miscellaneous.

By JULIA P. DABNEY.

"The world needs to con these SONGS OF DESTINY that it may learn what there is in the soul of man responsive to what we call, from poverty of speech, the soul of things."—*Boston Transcript*.

E. P. DUTTON & CO.,

Price, \$1.25. Publishers. New York.

HYPNOTISM ;

HOW IT IS DONE, ITS USES AND DANGERS.

By JAMES R. COCKE, M. D.

Cloth, \$1.50.

SENT POSTPAID UPON RECEIPT OF PRICE.

LEE & SHEPARD,

10 MILK STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

**INGERSOLL-BLAND DEBATE
ON THE SCIENCE OF MONEY.**

"Col. Ingersoll tackled the wrong man that time."—*Rev. Dr. KENT*.

"Dr. Bland does not leave Ingersoll a leg to stand on."—*B. O. FLOWER*.

"It is a great eye opener."—*HON. JOHN DAVIS*,
20th edition now ready. Price 5c., 3 for 10c., 10 for 25c.,
25 for 50c. or \$1.50 per 100 by mail. Address

T. A. BLAND, Care The Arena Co., Boston.

HENRY ROMEIKE, The first established and
most complete Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the world.

110 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK.

Established—London, 1881. New York, 1884.

Branches—London, Paris, Berlin, Sydney.

The Press Cutting Bureau which I established and have carried on since 1881 in London, and 1884 in New York, reads, through its hundreds of employees, every newspaper and periodical of importance published in the United States, Canada, and Europe. It is patronized by thousands of subscribers, professional or business men, to whom are sent day by day newspaper clippings, collected from all these thousands of papers, referring either to them or any given subject.

**Fabian
Socialism**

"One sees socialism advancing all about him. It may be years before its ascendancy; on the other hand, it may be but a short time."

—*WM. DEAN HOWELLS in
The American Fabian.*
**THE AMERICAN FABIAN, 104
Elm St., New York.** Sample
copies, 5 cts. Per year, 50 cts.

ECONOMICS

AND : : :

CHRIST : :

"Should be in the hands of every clergyman in the United States."
The American Fabian.

"It is the clearest and most powerful presentation of the truth I have ever seen in print."

GEORGE HOWARD GIBSON.
Price, 5 cts. 6 copies for 25 cts.
Address, **THE AMERICAN FABIAN,
104 Elm St., N. Y.**

**... THE NEW ...
PHILOSOPHY OF HEALTH**

By HARRIET B. BRADBURY.

One of the clearest statements of the New Thought Philosophy that has yet appeared. It is scientific in tone, and remarkably free from dogmatism.

John Emery McLean, editor of "MIND," says of it: "The book is an assured convert-maker."

CONTENTS:—Introductory; The Recuperative Force; The Healing of Disease; Mutual Causation; Prayer; Psychic Powers; A Universal Law; The Duty of the Church; Occult Phenomena; Practical Suggestions for Self-Help.

Price, 75 Cents, postpaid.

**GEO. H. ELLIS, 272 Congress Street,
BOSTON, MASS.**

**THE
ART
OF
MEMORY**

GREATEST memory SYSTEM OF THE AGE.
Particulars FREE. Agents wanted. National
Publishing Co., Germania Life Bldg., St. Paul.

A GUIDE TO PALMISTRY.

By E. E. Henderson.

CLOTH, \$1.00.

A new and enlarged edition, with supplement of nine chapters and five engravings of classified work. Sent postpaid on receipt of the price by

**ELIZA EASTER HENDERSON,
10 Day Street, North Cambridge, Mass.**

**Strike of a Sex and
Zugassent's Discovery**

By GEO. K. MILLER.

Each,
Prepaid 25c.

The way to make marriage a success and the honeymoon as long as life. *Fortieth Thousand.*

Circulars of books on health and sexual science free.
ALICE B. STOCKHAM & CO., 277 Madison St., Chicago

The Coming Light,

**CORA A. MORSE, }
EDWARD B. PAYNE, } Editors.**

A monthly Magazine; up to the latest date; original in its conception; able in its treatment of modern problems and affairs; devoted to all reform interests, recognizing what is true and good in all that is old, but eager for the ideals not yet realized; aiming at the hearts of the people and the heart of things; fearless of reality; critical of shams; giving welcome to all truths; bent on helping to make life more abundant, free, and noble; jealous of the rights of man, woman, and child; hopeful; optimistic; and pledged to work for the establishment of a higher social order. Address,

"THE COMING LIGHT,"

621 O'Farrell St.,

San Francisco, Cal.

Subscription, \$1.00 per year.

Single Copies, 10 cts.

God's Rebel.

... BY ...

Dr. HULBERT FULLER,

Author of "VIVIAN OF VIRGINIA."

DR. HULBERT FULLER, whose historical romance of the days of Sir William Berkeley, entitled "Vivian of Virginia," received much well deserved praise last season, has just completed a new story along very different lines. In this book, to which he has given the name of "God's Rebel," Dr. Fuller has turned from the paths of historical fiction to deal with some of the problems of our complex economic life of today, problems which he may be trusted to handle in the same vigorous way in which he has already handled those of colonial Virginia.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

Bound in red vellum, stamped in black and gold.

\$1.25 postpaid.

REGAN PRINTING HOUSE,
CHICAGO.



Fully protected by American and Foreign Patents.

THE MANHATTAN Typewriter, \$75.00.

This Machine is thoroughly high grade and second to **NONE**, and we do not hesitate to recommend it to all users of Typewriters.

It is made of the very best materials, by the best of skilled workmen, and will be sold at a popular price, and is in no way connected with the Typewriter Trust.

It is built on familiar lines, and with the universal keyboard.

Will be sent to any address for examination, on application, and can be returned at our expense if not satisfactory.

Address all communications to

PINDAR, PECK & NEWTON,
(Formerly with the Remington Typewriter Co.)

New England Agents for the

MANHATTAN TYPEWRITER CO.,

Tel. 3772.

21 Milk St., Boston, Mass.

A Sharp Point



can be kept on **Dixon's American Graphite Pencils** without breaking off every minute. They write smoothest and last longest. Ask your dealer for

DIXON'S PENCILS

or send 16 cents for samples worth double the money.
Jos. Dixon Crucible Co., Jersey City, N. J.

ANTI-LIQUOR is a cure for drunkenness, which can be given at home with or without the knowledge of the drinker, and will completely stop the desire for liquor. Women can secretly administer the **Anti-liquor** and effect cures. It is perfectly harmless. Mailed with full directions in a plain, sealed wrapper on receipt of price, **ONE DOLLAR.**

SEARLES CHEMICAL CO.,

Syracuse, N. Y.

Full information gladly mailed free.

This is a Wonderful Chance.

We are aware that many people who suffer from Nervous, Chronic, and long standing complaints do not have the same opportunity to be cured as do the residents of large cities where the most eminent specialists reside. Dr. W. H. Saunders & Co., of Chicago, Ill., who have the largest practice in the world, and who are without doubt the most successful Doctors in curing Nervous and Chronic Diseases of all kinds, offer free consultation by mail to all sufferers. Send for their treatise and symptom blank, enclosing stamps for postage.

DO YOU (K)NEE(D) THEM?

The "Happy Thought"

TROUSER PRESS and HANGER

Prevents bagging at the knees. Each hanger holds two pair of trousers and keeps them both creased and in Good Form permanently for what it costs to iron one pair once. Six ladies' skirts can be kept with three hangers on one closet hook. Any pair of trousers or skirt can be instantly taken down or replaced without disturbing the others. Made in one piece of nickel-plated spring steel, will not break, wear out, get out of order or soil the finest fabric. Weighs less than three ounces and no grip packed so full but there is still room for it. Sent Postpaid for **25c.**

5 if ordered at one time (will hold 10 garments) sent postpaid for **\$1**
J. F. BROCK, Dept. F SPARTA, WIS.



5000 BICYCLES

All makes and models, must be closed out at once. New '97 models, guaranteed, \$9.75 to \$14. Shop worn and used wheels, \$5 to \$12; as well '98 models, \$12 to \$25. Great factory clearing sale. Shipped to any one on approval without advance deposit. Handsome souvenir book free. **EARN A BICYCLE** by a little work for us. **FREE USE** of sample wheel to rider agents. Write at once for our special offer.
K. S. Head & Prentiss, Chicago, Ill.

FOR GOUT & RHEUMATISM

Use the **Great English Remedy**

BLAIR'S PILLS

Safe, Sure, Effective. **50c. & \$1**
DRUGGISTS, or 224 William St., N. Y.

